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SKETCHES FROM THE DIARIES  
OF  
ROSE LADY GRAVES SAWLE  
1873 1896









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Miss C. Grace Squire

SKETCHES FROM THE DIARIES

OF

ROSE LADY GRAVES SAWLE

.1833-1896

1908

**PRINTED FOR  
PRIVATE CIRCULATION**

TO ANTONIA STERLING THE FRIEND  
& KIND COMPANION OF MY LATER  
LIFE WHO SO ABLY HELPED ME TO  
COLLECT AND DECIPHER THE FADED  
RECORDS OF SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS  
AGO THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS  
DEDICATED



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## CHAPTER I

### Early Days, 1818-1833

**I** MAKE no apology for collecting and publishing these desultory reminiscences of a long life, extended to half a score of years beyond the limit assigned to us by the royal Psalmist. They will be read only by indulgent friends and acquaintances, who may find some interest in these records of old times and old fashions, and who are really responsible for their appearance in print.

I was born in 1818, and lived in Bath until I was sixteen. One of my earliest recollections is being carried to an evening party in a sedan chair with my mother and sister. This chair was



## Early Days

the most delightful mode of progression. It was brought into the hall or passage by the two chairmen, clad in cocked hats and long coats to their heels. The front door was closed, and when we were seated the long poles were adjusted by the chairmen, a lantern being slung on one of the poles; and they started, carefully walking in step up and down hill, from Lansdowne Crescent to Pulteney Street. I remember the night watchman calling out in melancholy tones the hour and the state of the weather—a weird sound in the dead of night.

The beautiful old Abbey was disfigured by mean shops built against its sacred walls; the Pump Room, the Circus, and the Royal Crescent were, as they are now, things of beauty. At the balls in the Assembly Rooms, on a raised dais, the old Countess of Belmore\* presided over the dances, with her sister, Bess Caldwell, known to fame as a beauty, and a Mrs Malaprop. I have

\* Mary Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir James Caldwell, was the third wife of Armar, first Earl of Belmore. She was left a widow in 1802, and died at Bath on December 13, 1841, aged eighty-six.

## Memories of Old Bath

heard her—*moi qui vous parle*—call the Warminster Road, the Warming-pan Road; and Walter Savage Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia," Periwinkle and Asparagus. Sir William Gell,\* the celebrated antiquary and classical scholar, met the sisters at Naples, and could not refrain from publishing a small volume, "Caldwelliana," which contained some of her marvellous utterances.

The customs of those days were very unlike the present ones; luncheon and five o'clock tea were unknown luxuries, and the dinner hour was from three to five. Those were the days of three bottle men. Port was the favourite wine; one bottle per day was the usual allowance for those who could afford it; and as the dinner hour was so early, there was ample time to finish it. The amount consumed by ladies, as compared with present fashions, was almost *nil*.

On the Bath stage I saw Vestris in T. Haynes Bayly's farce, "Perfection, or the Lady of Munster," and in "The Day after Marriage." I also saw

\* Sir William Gell (1777-1836), author of "Topography of Troy," "Pompeiana," etc.

## Early Days

Edmund Kean in "Richard III." After the death scene he was so enthusiastically applauded that he rose up, and fought the battle over again. The absurdity of this performance could only be accounted for by his intemperance.

From Bath my four brothers entered their respective professions—three in the Army and one in the Navy. They were all decorated for active service, two receiving the military C.B. The eldest, Colonel Howell Paynter, was present at the battle of Chilianwalla (January 13, 1849). He went into action the junior Major, and came out commanding his regiment, the 24th Foot. He received a bullet through his lungs; and, after being in command for six months, was invalided home, and died at Bath, November 13, 1851, after the bullet was extracted. In Walter Savage Landor's "Last Fruit off an Old Tree" there are some verses addressed to his widow:

Sad was the wound to thee which pierced that breast  
Than which none braver ever breathed the air  
Of torrid India, when impetuous Gough  
Order'd the readiest forth to certain death.

## Soldier and Sailor Brothers

My second brother, James Aylmer, afterwards Admiral, Paynter, joined H.M.S. "Genoa," commanded by Captain Walter Bathurst; and before James was twelve years old, he was present at the battle of Navarino (October 20, 1827).

When the allied fleets arrived off the harbour, Ismail Bey, the Turkish governor, sent a message to Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, the British Commander-in-Chief, that he could not enter without permission. Admiral Codrington replied that he had come to give orders and not to receive them; and that if he encountered any opposition, the Turkish fleet would be destroyed. On this occasion, the Vice-Admiral reported the "Genoa" to be exceedingly well handled. James and another little midshipman named Bussell were appointed aides-de-camp to Captain Bathurst during the engagement. My brother was bringing home a pair of ring-doves from Smyrna, purchased with his scanty pocket-money. These doves were great favourites, and were often allowed to hop about the Cap-

## Early Days

tain's dinner table. Twice during the engagement James asked the Captain's permission to go below to see after the doves' safety. The bamboo cage was shattered to splinters, but the doves were uninjured. Little Bussell was killed on the spot, close to my brother. Captain Bathurst was mortally wounded, and carried to his cabin to die. During the few hours he lived after he was wounded, he sent for my brother and, laying a hand on his curly head, said: "Tell your mother you are a brave boy, and will make a good officer."

When the "Genoa" was paid off at Portsmouth, Jimmy came to Bath on the coach, accompanied by his doves and several bluejackets. They stopped every seven miles to change horses and refresh themselves; on each occasion, as they remounted the coach, there was one ringing cheer for the victory, one for the officer, and one for the doves. The male dove, having killed his wife, lived for thirty years, as a happy widower, in a palatial cage.

My brother James was messmate and dear

## Some Family Records

friend of James Fitzjames, whom he often brought to us; a handsome boy, full of fun and frolic. When in 1845 Fitzjames sailed with Sir John Franklin's Arctic expedition, in command of the "Erebus," he took out an engraving of me, hung with others in his cabin, and now perhaps adorning some Eskimo hut.

Captain Fitzjames was believed to be the last of that band of heroes who was seen alive by the Eskimos.

My third brother, David, afterwards General David Paynter, C.B., went out to the Crimea with 1-A Battery, Royal Artillery, and served throughout the whole campaign, except at the entering of Sebastopol. At Inkermann, his horse was shot under him, and David's spine being injured through the fall, he was invalided home.\* Mr Landor wrote a Latin ode about this incident, which was printed in "The Athenæum" (January 6, 1855).

My youngest brother, Frederick Whitworth

\* Admiral James Paynter died December 17, 1876; General David Paynter on December 30, 1883.

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## Early Days

Paynter, joined the East India Company's military service, and, as a lieutenant in the 31st Bengal Infantry, took part in the engagement of Maharajpur (December 29, 1843). He also was invalided home, but died, May 21, 1851, on the voyage, and was buried at sea.

My uncle, Captain Frederick W. Aylmer, lived with us at Bath. In the beginning of the last century, when England was striving for that supremacy of the seas which she has now gained, naval records present some surprising examples of quick promotion. Captain Aylmer was a post-captain at the age of twenty-one. At the battle of Algiers he commanded H.M.S. "Severn," under Lord Exmouth. The releasing of the Christian slaves, principally Spanish and Italian, aroused the gratitude of all Christendom. Pope Pius VII invited Captain Aylmer to stay at the Vatican, and he received the following letter from Cardinal Consalvi:

"ROME, 15 SEPTEM., 1816.

"Monsieur le Comandant,—Je viens de rece-

## Invitation to the Vatican

voir la lettre datée de ce jour, que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire.

“Je ne saurais exprimer assez la reconnaissance dont Sa Sainteté est pénétré ainsi que son gouvernement envers la généreuse Nation Anglaise, et son Auguste Chef. C'est avec une véritable satisfaction que je m'empresse de vous annoncer que dans la journée de demain 16 Septembre vous serez admis à une libre pratique, pour vous rendre ensuite à Rome avec M. Sonet et son domestique. Je ferai trouver à l'embouchure du Tibre, du côté du Couchant, une voiture pour vous conduire à Rome. Quant aux esclaves mentionnés ci-dessus, on les fera débarquer demain matin pour les conduire au Coronet, et on les admettra à la pratique après votre départ, c'est-à-dire après demain.

“Je serai charmé de recevoir les nouvelles et les lettres de Son Excellence le Comandant-en-Chef, auquel je porte la plus haute estime et l'attachement le plus affectueux.

“Dans l'attente de faire bientôt votre connaissance personnelle, et de vous remercier de vive



## Early Days

voix, j'ai l'honneur d'être avec ma considération distinguée, Monsieur le Capitaine,

"Votre dévoué serviteur,

"HENRI LE CARDINAL CONSALVI.

"A Monsieur,

"Monsieur Aylmer, Capitaine Comandant du Vaisseau de S.M. Britannique 'Le Severn.'"

The Pope presented Captain Aylmer with a ring of three large diamonds of the finest water, and a magnificent shell-cameo with the head of Diana. The ring was split up, and I have one of the diamonds.

Captain Aylmer was in most of the naval engagements of that period. He gave to Thomas Luny, a young and rising painter, the commission to paint pictures of several of them—Algiers, Copenhagen, the 1st of June, Aboukir; and stood over the artist while he was at work, to explain the position of the battleships, correcting any mistakes in the rigging, etc. The result was a group of six fine sea-pieces, now the property of my son, Admiral Sir Charles Graves Sawle. The

## Value of a Diary

contrast between the graceful and picturesque ships of those times, and their present singularly ugly successors, leads one to realize that beauty and efficiency may be synonymous. Captain Aylmer became an admiral in 1848, and succeeded his brother, as sixth Lord Aylmer, in 1850.

I have written a diary ever since I was fourteen years of age, following the example of my mother. That diaries, if regularly kept, may be of considerable use, is undeniable. I can give an instance. My mother had four half-brothers—Matthew, Henry, Frederick and James Aylmer. Henry was my mother's favourite. He was in the diplomatic service at St Petersburg, as an attaché; and, when abroad, wrote regularly to my mother every week. Suddenly his letters ceased, and he was never heard of again. Every inquiry was made, but without success. He was supposed to have been drowned when fording a river, but no proof was ever forthcoming.

The deaths of the other three brothers were well authenticated; and after Admiral Lord Aylmer died in 1858, the title was in abeyance

## Early Days

until Henry's death could be confidently proved. My mother was their only remaining near relative, and was summoned to appear at the House of Lords before a committee of Peers. The evidence of the entry in her diary, showing the date of her brother's last letter to her, satisfied them; and they allowed the claim to the peerage by the nearest next of kin bearing the name of Aylmer.

The only change we had from Bath was a yearly visit to Havre-de-Grâce. My mother was anxious that we should become early acquainted with the French language. There were no secular schools, and the education of girls was carried out entirely in convents. My sister and I went daily for some hours to the Ursuline convent. It was a very strict order, and the nuns never went beyond the convent precincts. A wall, eighteen feet high, surrounded it; and two or three acres of pleasure ground gave them their only chance of recreation. The lay sisters transacted all business connected with supplies. The nuns were about eighty in number; the pupils

## A Convent in Normandy

were all *externes*, who had their meals in the convent. Very scanty were these meals to our English ideas, especially on *jours maigres*. On our return home we always enjoyed a good meal. To us, the only English girls, the nuns were very good. Some of them were highly educated, and the Mère Supérieure was a good Latin and Greek scholar. They never attempted to tamper with our religious convictions.

There were two lovely sisters of sixteen and seventeen, Sœur Ambroise and Sœur Angèle, probationers, whom we loved. The time came for them to assume the black veil, and the ceremony took place during our stay at the convent. We were allowed as a great favour to be present in the chapel, during this—to us—lugubrious function. When we saw our friends enter the chapel, despoiled of their bride's dresses, with their beautiful long brown hair cut short, and then saw them on the ground, covered with a black pall, and heard prayers for the dead read over them, we could not restrain our grief, and

## Early Days

sobbed until we were led away by one of the nuns, who only laughed at our distress.

There were many fête days when we had our holidays, and rode our donkeys out to the lighthouse, taking our luncheon with us. On one occasion, hearing a clatter in the court, I looked out of the window, and saw the Sisters Ambroise and Angèle galloping round the court on donkey back, with shrieks of laughter, their veils flying behind them.

## CHAPTER II

### Two Years in Italy, 1834-1835

**W**E left Bath in 1834, and in July started by diligence from Paris for Geneva, a journey performed in five days, travelling night and day. We passed through Melun, Sens, Tonnerre, Sémur, Dijon, Dôle, and crossed the Jura to Geneva. Few of these towns and villages possessed any accommodation save *auberges* of the simplest description; but we were always sure of a good *pat-au-feu*, a good omelet and a good bed. We spent two delightful months on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, in a pretty villa situated on the hill above Vevey and surrounded with vineyards. The vintage was in full activity; but the

## Two Years in Italy

vines being trained like gooseberry bushes, the scene lost much of its picturesqueness, as seen in Italy, where they hang in festoons from pole to pole.

My sister and I gladly joined the crowd of vintagers, till we were informed that a penalty was attached to the overlooking of any tendril bearing a single grape. The penalty, which was rigidly enforced, was a salute from every male vintager, so we beat a hasty retreat. On October 23 we left Vevey for Florence by *vetturino*. We engaged this house on wheels for a fortnight, with six horses supplemented by oxen when crossing the Alps. It held eight people; four in the *intérieur*, two in the coupé, two in the *banquette* above the coupé, and the driver on a ledge in front of the coupé. In addition there was luggage for eight people. Thirty miles a day was the average rate of travelling. The *voiturier* regulated all our movements, and we were powerless to resist him. We fed and slept at the places he selected. We started at daybreak, unrefreshed by hot water, but indulged with a cup of coffee, which supported

## Over the Simplon Pass

us till midday, when there was two hours' halt. We were allowed to walk up the hills, which was very refreshing after being so closely packed. We passed through Bex, Martigny, Sion, and Turtmann; reaching Brieg, at the Swiss foot of the Simplon, in a heavy snowstorm. With four horses and four oxen we reached Berisal on the summit of the Simplon, a miserable *auberge*, where we dined and slept. To get to our bedrooms from the dining-room we had to step, in a terrific snowstorm, on to an uncovered balcony that ran round the house. The road had fallen into disrepair, and was in many places dangerous; but we reached Domo d' Ossola safely, and the longed-for plains of Lombardy gladdened our eyes.

From Baveno, on Lake Maggiore, we visited the lovely Boromean Islands, and then went on through Sesto Calende, Milan, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, and over the Apennines to Lojano, Covigliano, Tagliaferra and Florence. How little is now known of this delightful route, as the train tears through with its sleepy passengers!

We spent a very gay winter at Florence, where



## Two Years in Italy

society was not always *sans peur et sans reproche*. We had apartments in the Piazza di Santa Croce. In the church of Santa Croce is to be found a "St Francis" by Cimabue, but there is a finer picture by him of the Madonna in the church of Santa Maria Novella. The "Madonna" was the cause of Lord Leighton's becoming an artist. As a youth, when living with his father, Dr Leighton, in the Circus at Bath, he was devoted to art, and wished to become a painter. His father, doubting his success, decided that if Frederick, before he came of age, had painted a picture which bore the certain stamp of genius, he should follow his own wish; but if on the contrary, he were to show no sign of it, he must adopt his father's profession. Frederick spent three years in Italy, studying and copying medieval figures and costumes, with the result that his picture of "Cimabue's 'Madonna' carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence," when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855, established his reputation. Queen Victoria bought it for £600.

## Landor and Rose Aylmer

At Florence we made the acquaintance of Walter Savage Landor, who was living with his family at Fiesole, in a villa now shown to tourists as the Villa Landore. On hearing that my mother was the half-sister of Rose Aylmer, his first love, and that I was named after her, he came to see us; and from that time onward there was the closest friendship between him and my family. The details of his boyish worship have been so frequently alluded to in the memoirs of his life that I need not repeat them. His exquisite lines written when he heard of Rose Aylmer's death elicited the expression from Charles Lamb: "I lived on them for weeks."

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,  
Ah, what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

She died of cholera on March 3, 1800, at the age of nineteen, when on a visit to her aunt,

## Two Years in Italy

Lady Russell, the wife of Sir Henry Russell, a judge of the supreme court of judicature at Calcutta. I have a lock of her hair.

We saw much of the artist, Seymour Kirkup, who wished to paint my portrait as Juliet; but as I could not assume a sufficiently sentimental expression, the idea was abandoned. At the Opera at Florence, we heard "Zadig and Astarte" and Hérold's "Zampa." There were constant balls at the Pitti Palace, and the effect of its being lighted by wax candles was most becoming. The Veglioncini were very amusing. At the opera house, the Pergola, Lady Wrey had a supper in her box, which was on the ground tier; and your friends came to talk to you *en masque*.

We left Florence with regret for Rome, where we spent a month, including the Holy Week, which was observed with great ceremony. A scene never to be forgotten was the Piazza del Duomo on the occasion of the papal Benediction. No carriage was allowed; and the piazza was so closely packed with human beings that you could literally have walked on their heads. The old

## Holy Week in Rome

Pope, seated in his chair, was pushed out above the portico of St Peter's; and, extending his trembling hands in the act of blessing, he dropped the Indulgences on his faithful people below. Indescribable excitement ensued; men leapt up to catch the fluttering papers as they fell.

Our group of English were standing together, when a youth, afterwards to be known as Lord Crewe, sprang up and caught one of the coveted papers. Julius Hare, who was with us, exclaimed, "Drop it, or you will be torn in pieces." He did so, and not a moment too soon; for the crowd around threw infuriated glances at us, with cries of rage, and curses that English Protestant hands should touch the sacred papers fresh from the hands of the Holy Father.

The illuminations of St Peter's were marvellous. Large vessels of inflammable matter were placed all along the outline of the Loggie, with a man holding a lighted match beside each. When the signal was given, they were all ignited simultaneously; and the sudden burst from darkness into light, gleaming on the thousands of upturned

## Two Years in Italy

faces in the piazza, roused an enthusiasm which found vent in thunders of applause.

The *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel was, to me, the gem of the Holy Week. One boy's angelic voice, like a silver chord, commenced the first notes, followed by another and another, till the whole choir swelled into the harmony of the heavenly spheres. Many were affected to tears, and some fainted; among these Monckton Milnes (the "cool of the evening," as Sydney Smith is supposed once to have called him), was carried out of the chapel in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform, which had gained him the *entrée* within the grille. The chapel was far too small to contain the crowd, and the heat was intense.

Julius Hare and his brother were our kind ciceroni through Rome. With them we visited Cardinal Mezzofanti, the great linguist, at the Vatican, who could speak every European language. He had a long white beard, and conversed with us gently in English. We had tea among the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars in the

## A Tea Party in the Forum

Forum, with Mr Frank Mills, an Englishman who had been allowed to convert part of the ruins into a habitable abode. There he did the honours of the Forum to any strangers who were fortunate enough to attract his notice.

The only adventure that befell us while at Rome, occurred during an expedition which we made to Frascati. Two young naval officers, Bennett and Erskine, accompanied us in our carriage. Captain Erskine took his seat on the box beside the driver, in order to direct him as to the route; there being more than one to Frascati. Captain Erskine selected one, and the driver insisted on taking the other. An angry discussion ensued; and the language of the driver was so offensive that, before we could look round, the gallant little captain had thrown the man to the ground.

The driver was a magnificent specimen of a Roman athlete. White with rage, he took up a large stone and was about to hurl it in the face of our champion, when a priest, who was fortunately passing by, laid his hand silently on the

## Two Years in Italy

fellow's shoulder; the irate Italian immediately dropped the stone, and climbed to his seat on the box. The priest said to Captain Erskine: "You do not know what it is to attack a Roman on his own territory." We had to return home dejectedly on foot, luncheon-basket and all. Captain Erskine became a marked man in Rome among the drivers; and our courier was so alarming in his prognostics of danger round dark corners, that we were thankful when our delightful friend left the eternal city.

We visited John Gibson's studio; he tinted his marble, and sometimes chiselled the eyeball. We also saw, in Thorwaldsen's studio, his famous group of "Christ's Sermon on the Mount." Our Lord, standing, is the central figure; and on either side, in a descending scale, are Apostles, women, and children. Thorwaldsen, a fine looking man with a long white beard, told us that the group was about to be sent off to Copenhagen, his native town.

We also visited, in the English cemetery, the tomb of Rose Bathurst. She was a beautiful



## Rose Bathurst's Tomb

English girl, whose tragic death, in February, 1824, excited much sympathy and regret amongst the English society then at Rome. She was the daughter of Mr Benjamin Bathurst, who, fifteen years previously, during the wars of Napoleon, had mysteriously disappeared whilst carrying despatches. When Secretary of Legation at Stockholm, he was sent on a secret mission to Vienna; and on his way back was either murdered or kidnapped. He was last seen at Perleberg in November, 1809. His young wife, daughter of Sir John Call, of Whiteford, Cornwall, had thrown herself at the Emperor's feet, imploring for a pass to enter the prisons containing English officers. She visited several, but without success.

Their daughter Rose, a lovely girl of eighteen, was spending the winter with her uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Aylmer, at Rome, where her beauty and charm of manner had won her much love and admiration. They were all three fond of riding, and in one of their expeditions took the route by the Ponte Molle to the Tiber. In consequence of a locked gate they had to make



## Two Years in Italy

a circuit in a part with which they were not acquainted, in order to reach the river. The party consisted of Lord and Lady Aylmer, Rose Bathurst, Miss Murray, and the Duc de Laval-Montmorency, who offered to guide them, assuring them that the narrow pathway between the wall and the bank, which slopes down to the river, would soon lead them to a wider and a safer road.

Rose rode her English horse. They went in single file. At a broken bit of the road, her horse shied and tried to turn; got his hind feet on the slippery turf, slid down to the edge of the river, and was carried out into the middle of the current. Rose was a splendid horsewoman; had she lost her seat at once, she might have been saved. But she sat motionless in her saddle; her hat fell off, and her unloosed hair hung over her shoulders. Her uncle, who could not swim, threw himself into the river, but, embarrassed with his heavy coat, he regained the bank, tore off his coat and plunged again into the torrent, swollen with winter rains and carrying with it young trees and

## Drowned in the Tiber

large branches. He caught her hat; but, alas! she was already far beyond his reach; and the distracted onlookers saw that the horse, in tossing his head, had at last unseated his rider. She sank down out of sight under the turbulent waters. A groom, who had been sent back to Rome with a restive horse, was the only man of the party who could swim. Another, Lord Aylmer's groom, ran down to a point in the river at a mile's distance, where Rose's horse landed.

My uncle was unconscious, and was taken home in Lady C—'s carriage, which happened to be passing. The river was dragged, and every possible attempt made to recover the body; but without success. Mourning was almost universal; and the Jews in the Ghetto closed their shops for a whole day, out of respect to the *bella signorina inglese*, who had often ridden through their streets.

Six months later Mr Mills returned to Rome, and, having left his carriage at the Ponte Molle, was leaning over the parapet of the bridge sadly gazing at the scene of the tragedy which had

## Two Years in Italy

broken up their happy circle. It was now July, and the river was a narrow stream that one could step across. His notice was attracted by two peasants, walking down the bed of the river; one of whom carelessly pulled at a piece of cloth half buried in the sand. It resisted, and a sudden idea struck Mr Mills. He called to the men, and himself ran down from the bridge. Finding the piece of cloth resisted his strength also, when he pulled at it, he sent the men for spades, and on carefully removing the sand, the body of Rose Bathurst was uncovered in perfect preservation. The lovely features were undisturbed, as though in peaceful slumber; her long habit was wrapped round her limbs, and one ear-ring only was missing. She was buried in the English cemetery; and a white marble monument, by Westmacott, was placed over her grave. On one side is a draped figure, rising from the water to the outstretched arms of two angels; on the other side is a broken moss-rose bud.

In June, 1835, we left Naples for Sorrento. We had engaged the Villa Spinelli, about two



## Naples and Sorrento

miles from the coast, and here we spent a delightful three months; all housekeeping troubles being taken off our shoulders by a Neapolitan, who brought a staff of servants and catered admirably for us during the whole of our sojourn. The party of eight consisted of my mother, my uncle, Captain F. W. Aylmer, my sister, my brother and myself, Mr B. a musician, and Mr R. a poet. The rooms all gave on a terrace commanding a view of the glorious Bay of Naples, Mount Vesuvius and the lovely isles of Capri, Ischia, Nisida and Procida. We lived the life of the natives, having our siesta from three to five p.m.; bathing at six o'clock in the morning, and then riding our mules from five to seven in the evening. The moon was so bright that we used to sit on the terrace with our work, and could thread our needles. With a piano and two guitars, we were not without music.

The muleteers used to come and serenade our good-looking maid, Priscilla; she had red hair, which is adored by the Italians. She eventually married our courier, Antonio. He was as good as

## Two Years in Italy

gold, but was not endowed with an iron heart. Upon one occasion, when in Paris, my mother thought she heard burglars in our apartment. She summoned us to the rescue, and we armed ourselves with pokers, tongs, etc. After the groundless scare was over, we missed Antonio, who, in answer to our calls, crawled out of the stove, where he had sought refuge. My mother apostrophized him with some severity: *Antonio, siete codardo!* and he fell on his knees weeping, to pray for forgiveness.

Two miles from our villa was the "Cocumella," the only and very primitive hotel, situated on the cliffs, from which steps led down to the beach. Large caves formed admirable dressing-rooms; and, as there was no tide, we could choose our own time for a sea bath. The occupation of the Sorrentines was the breeding and cultivation of silkworms, the produce of which enabled them to carry on a brisk trade in silk socks and stockings. We often visited the blue cave of Capri, and landed on the group of islands. We made excursion to Castellamare, Amalfi, Salerno and Pæstum.

## Ascent of Vesuvius

We also accomplished the ascent of Vesuvius. We rode on mules to the foot of the mountain, where we left them; and each with a guide, a rope fastened round our waists, were dragged up the almost perpendicular cone. It took us an hour to ascend. The heat was great; and for every foot we took upward, we seemed to slip three back in the ashes. We had our lunch half-way up, roasting the eggs in the hot ashes, and cooling the wine in the snow. We looked down into the crater, which was in partial eruption, but were soon driven away by the suffocating smoke. On our descent we went at full speed, sinking up to the ankles in ashes. This descent occupied five minutes.

From Castellamare to Amalfi we rode on mules for eight hours over abominable roads, and were thankful to arrive and climb up the steep, slippery steps leading to the monastery, which had been converted into an hotel. We found ourselves in a large, open space, with the whole scene of the Crucifixion executed in figures of wood, painted, and as large as life. Our rooms

## Two Years in Italy

were the original cells, each being furnished with a small bed, a chair, a table, and a decanter and tumbler for water. But from the window what a glorious view, embracing the blue Mediterranean at the foot of the mountain, leading down in terraces of vines, olive trees and pines, interspersed with picturesque villages, where the manufacture of macaroni was the principal trade.

Amalfi is the most beautiful spot that, in all my travels, remains in my memory. We took boat from there to Salerno, and drove to Pæstum, lingering among the magnificent temples. It was scarcely a safe resort, as it was still infested by brigands; and some lives had but lately been lost while exploring the ruins. Mr Landor alluded to these delightful days, and to our later sojourn in Paris, in some verses prefixed to his tragedies, "Andrea of Hungary and Giovanna of Naples."

My verse was for thine eyes alone,  
Alone by them was it repaid;  
And still thine ear records the tone  
Of thy grey minstrel, thoughtful maid!

## Starting for Home

Amid the pomps of regal state,  
Where thou, O Rose! art called to move,  
Thee only Virtue can elate,  
She only guide thy steps to Love.

Sometimes, when dark is each saloon,  
Dark every lamp that crown'd the Seine,  
Memory hangs low Amalfi's moon,  
And lights thee o'er Salerno's plain.

From Castellamare we began our long homeward journey. At Naples we engaged a *voiturier* to take us to Paris; we were seven in number, besides our maid and courier. Cholera being prevalent in the centre of Italy, a *cordon sanitaire* had been drawn round Rome and Tuscany; and we had to make a *détour*. We drove through the marshes of Ancona, sleeping at Pesaro, and on to Rimini along the borders of the Adriatic. Rimini in those days was a mere fishing village, with one rough inn, where we slept. In the night I was seized with malarial fever; and the next morning I was so ill that it was impossible for me to leave my bed.

Rimini boasted of no doctor, so the innkeeper brought in a veterinary surgeon, who looked at



## Two Years in Italy

me, shook his head, and suggested no remedy. Two or three days afterwards my sister was seized with the same complaint, and we were both so ill that my poor mother feared the worst. Nine human beings and six horses were *plantés* in this wretched abode for three weeks. The whole town reeked of fish, and was inhabited principally by fishermen. When we were sufficiently recovered to require nourishment, my mother hung a bit of mutton on a string, and cooked it by turning it round and round before the stove.

The people were most kind and sympathetic, but powerless to help us. When I was able to sit at the window, for the fresh air, I was attracted by the sight of a beautiful face, looking from a window of the opposite house. It mysteriously appeared and disappeared alternately. On making inquiries, I was told that the lady was the wife of an old baron, whose jealousy prevented her ever going out; and her sole means of exercise was sitting in a rocking-chair by an open window. She heard of the distressed Eng-

## A Mysterious Baroness

lish family, and kindly sent her carriage every day to take us out driving. We never met.

At the end of three weeks we resumed our journey towards Bologna. The expenses of so large a party, detained on the road, had exhausted our resources; and we had no hope of replenishing them until we should reach Geneva, where letters of credit awaited us. The voiturier also became impatient. At Bologna, my uncle, Captain Aylmer, turned out in his best, his hat carefully brushed, and sallied forth to the principal bank, armed with his naval decorations as guarantees for his respectability. He gave his name and position, with assurances of the letters of credit awaiting him. He was civilly, but firmly, refused; and came back to our hotel in despair, mingled with rage; for he had a hot temper, and was unused to having his word doubted.

Later in the day he chanced to meet an old friend attached to the English legation who, half shocked, half amused at his dilemma, speedily relieved him from his difficulty, and joined us that evening at the hotel; where my uncle, in

## Two Years in Italy

his gratitude, ordered the best dinner, and the best wine the manager could provide.

We stopped at Geneva to secure another voiturier, as our man had behaved badly, and we were glad to get rid of him. This again delayed the journey. The weather was very cold. All the passages of the Alps had been closed for the last month, and the roads were now impassable, as the season for travelling was over. My uncle, too, was due in London as naval aide-de-camp to King William IV, and had little time to lose; so we were left no choice but to cross the Simplon again. Cantonniers were set to clear a road for our carriage, and with the help of oxen, we commenced our perilous ascent. We had once more to stop the night at Berisal, and started at day-break for the descent. Here all protection from the precipice had fallen into disrepair, and only a narrow road had been cleared for our carriage. We were thoroughly exhausted by a sleepless night, and were more or less slumbering, when we were roused by our courier dashing his hand through the glass window which divided our

## Perils of the Alps

coupé from the *intérieur*, and exclaiming: *Saltite, eccellenza, siam' perduti!*

One glance showed my uncle our danger. He burst open the door and tumbled us all out, one over the other on the ice. The huge vehicle, laden with luggage, had one wheel over the naked precipice; and had it not been for our sudden exit, and a vigorous pull from the beasts, which caused the carriage to right itself, we should all have been plunged into eternity. The driver was drunk, or, like ourselves, asleep. In my hasty exit from the carriage I fell on the ice-bound road and jarred my spine. I was unable to rise, and was put back into the carriage alone, the rest of the party preferring to trust to their feet. We reached Paris without further mishap, but the effects of that terrible journey kept me a prisoner for most of the winter.

### CHAPTER III

#### London, Paris, Versailles, 1836-1839

**T**HE winter of 1836-7 we spent at Brussels. We had letters of introduction to the Court, which secured us a delightful reception. King Leopold and the Queen, who was a daughter of Louis Philippe, entertained right royally. We were at all the balls given at the Palace. I had the honour of often dancing with Prince Albert, who was a remarkably good *valseur*. He and his brother, Prince Ernest, were singularly unlike in appearance; Prince Albert being extremely handsome. He told me he greatly admired our Queen. It was said that the preliminaries for their betrothal were already on foot. Once, when

## Queen Victoria's Coronation

we were dancing in the royal circle, he slipped, the parquet being highly polished, and went down on one knee. But he recovered himself so quickly that we hoped it was not observed.

In June, 1838, my sister, afterwards Lady Caldwell, and I went to London for Queen Victoria's coronation. The town was so crowded that it was difficult to find accommodation; however, we secured a comfortable apartment in Jermyn Street. We saw the magnificent procession from the Athenæum Club. The fair young Queen looked very youthful and sweet; her young head heavily weighted with the royal crown. She was most enthusiastically received; and not much less so was old Marshal Soult, who drove in the procession.

In the evening we went to the Opera to see Grisi, Persiani, Lablache and Tamburini in the "Nozze di Figaro." Rubini was also there, but he was nearly at the end of his career; he sang entirely in the falsetto. It was usual in those days to have a ballet between the acts of the opera; and, upon several occasions, I saw Taglioni,

## London, Paris, Versailles

Cerito and the Elsslers. In "Norma" I heard Albertazzi's beautiful contralto voice.

Mr Kenyon\* took us to breakfast with Samuel Rogers, when we met many celebrities. Miss Rogers, the poet's sister, showed us the fine collection of pictures in their house.

I spent the winter of 1838 in Paris, with my uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Aylmer. There was a delightful English society, but very few Americans. The Aylmers had many intimate friends among the old *noblesse* of the Faubourg St-Germain, which made a pleasant variety in our social relations.

The British Embassy† was the centre of the English society, and Lady Granville was a born ambassadress. Her kindness and dignified courtesy made her guests feel at home; her hospitality was unbounded; and her two sons, who were

\* John Kenyon (1784-1856), friend of the Brownings and Landor. He wrote "A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance" and "Poems: for the Most Part Occasional."

† Lord Granville (1773-1846) succeeded Sir Charles Stewart as Ambassador to France in 1824; was recalled in 1828, and reappointed by Lord Grey in 1830. He was created an Earl in 1833. Lady Granville, a daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, died in 1862.

## A Present from Lord Elgin

attachés, helped to make the soirées dansantes and the balls delightful. Lady Granville and my aunt were great friends, and we were often at the embassy. At her receptions Lady Harriet d'Orsay presided at the tea table; she was very handsome.

The Elgin family were established in Paris, and Lady Elgin had a *salon*, where one met all the European celebrities. She was an accomplished hostess, and could converse fluently in French, with a strong Scotch accent. Mesmerism at that time was the favourite topic. Gilbert and Coviglia were their constant guests. I have seen a dozen people seated against the wall, trying hard to be mesmerized, with one of these necromancers slowly walking up and down, making passes and reducing them to a state of somnambulism. Lord Elgin\* was very kind to me; and, on my leaving Paris, sent me a pretty keepsake—a white marble bird on the wing, held by a restraining hand—accompanied by this charming letter:

\* Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin (1766-1841), to whom the nation is indebted for the Elgin Marbles.



## London, Paris, Versailles

“My dear Rose,—I have met with an emblem so singularly figurative of your flying away from us, that I must beg your acceptance of it; and take occasion from it to add that, whenever you surrender all power of escape, it may be to a hand that will kindly and effectually contribute to your truest happiness.

“Yours very sincerely,

“ELGIN.

“PARIS, OCT. 26, 1839.”

Mr Landor said this was the most graceful letter he had ever read. He also wrote some verses on the presentation, which I give in their original form:

He who rais'd high o'er war's turmoils,  
Rescued from time his richest spoils,  
Had laid them at thy feet, O Rose!  
But Britain cried—to me belong  
Trophies beneath whose shadows sung  
The choir of Pallas where Ilyssus flows.  
Of purest alabaster, well  
Expressing what our speech would tell,  
Beauteous, but somewhat less divine  
Than Phidias, taught by Pallas, plann'd,  
Elgin presents the only hand  
That throbs not at the gentle touch of thine.

## English Society in Paris

The Elgins were a delightful family. Lady Charlotte and Lady Augusta Bruce were my great friends, and often paid us a visit, the following summer, at our villa at Versailles. Lady Charlotte, in her journeys to and fro, always wore a wedding-ring; since young, unmarried ladies did not travel alone in France. Lady Augusta's\* charming personality made her a great favourite with the Duchess of Kent, to whom she became lady-in-waiting; and after Her Royal Highness's death, she was promoted to the same office in Queen Victoria's household. On her marrying Dean Stanley, she remained the devoted friend and companion of Her Majesty. Her *réunions* in the cloisters at Westminster will be remembered by many of those who were privileged to enjoy them.

We often saw Lady Virginia Murray, whose sister, Lady Augusta,† was married morganati-

\* Lady Augusta Bruce married Dean Stanley in December, 1863, and died March 1, 1876.

† Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the fourth Earl of Dunmore, was married to Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, sixth son of George III, at Rome in 1793. The marriage was declared invalid by the Prerogative Court the same year, and Lady Augusta died in 1801.

## London, Paris, Versailles

cally to the Duke of Sussex. Their niece, Miss Augusta Murray,\* married the old Prince de la Trémouille, then in his seventy-sixth year. Two years after his marriage, he died, leaving her with little twin girls. She was very kind to me, and I loved playing with the children.

Mrs Charles Gore,† the author of many novels, was a feature in the English society, with her plain but bright little daughter. At one ball given by very rich Jews, when supper was announced, she jumped up on a chair, and waving her handkerchief, exclaimed: "To your tents, O Israel!"

The Prince and Princess Belgiojoso‡ had a fine hotel in the Faubourg St-Germain, where they lived in princely state. We found the Princess

\* Daughter of Colonel the Hon. Alexander Murray. She married Prince Louis Stanislaus de Koska de la Trémouille in 1834, and died January 22, 1877.

† Mrs Catherine Grace Gore (1799-1861). Of one of her books—"The Manners of the Day"—George IV said that it was the best bred and most amusing novel published in his remembrance. Her daughter, Cecilia, married, in 1853, Lord Edward Thynne.

‡ Christina, Princess Belgiojoso (1808-1871), daughter of the Marchese Trivulzio, married Prince Belgiojoso in 1824. She took part in the Italian Revolution of 1848, raising a battalion of volunteers at her own expense.

## At the Court of the Tuileries

one day, in a magnificent conservatory, which was heated to the temperature of an ordinary room. Her beautiful little boy of eighteen months old lay asleep on a couch under a palm-tree, quite naked, while a sculptor was busy chiselling the lovely little cupid. His handsome mother had in her suite a musician, an artist, a sculptor, etc., and, surrounded by these artistic luxuries, she was, by her simple and gracious manner, irresistible.

Hahnemann, the originator of homœopathy, was a general favourite. The Austrian ambassadress, Comtesse Appony, entertained royally; and we heard Rachel recite at her house. Old Lady Aldborough had a *salon* more frequented by gentlemen than ladies. She was called Ninon d'Enclos, and, at the age of seventy, wore wreaths of moss-rose buds. Sydney Smith was at one time our guest.

We went to the Court of the Tuileries, and were received by Louis Philippe and his family. They walked past us, a long line of princes and princesses. The ladies, in short dresses

## London, Paris, Versailles

and sandalled shoes, were *décolletées*, with their hair drawn high up on the head. The Ducs d'Orléans, de Nemours, de Joinville, d'Aumale, de Montpensier, the Princesses Marie and Clémentine, all went slowly past us, saying a word to each.

As I watched this peaceful procession of *le bon roi bourgeois*, I thought of the stormy interview that had occurred within those walls, in 1803, between Napoleon and Earl Whitworth, my great-uncle. After his return from St Petersburg, where he had been plenipotentiary for twelve years,\* he was sent as ambassador to Paris; and at his interview at the Tuileries with Napoleon, then First Consul, occurred the scene, the report of which caused so great a sensation in Europe. During the *mauvais quart d'heure* that ensued, Napoleon lost his self-control and shook his fist in Lord Whitworth's face, who thought he was going to strike him. The result was the ambassa-

\*Charles, Lord Whitworth (1752-1825) was appointed ambassador to France in September, 1802. The famous scene with Bonaparte took place on March 13, 1803. He was created Earl Whitworth of Adbaston in June, 1815.

## A Story of Lord Whitworth

dor's immediate departure from Paris to London. The journey at that time occupied three days. When asked by his family: "What would you have done if Napoleon had struck you?" he quietly answered: "I should have run him through the body." In full dress small rapiers were worn by diplomats in lieu of a sword. Lord Whitworth married in 1801 the dowager Duchess of Dorset; and dying without issue, he left all his valuable possessions to the Duchess, though he had four nephews of his own. Amongst these valuable effects was a fine dinner service given him by Catherine II, Empress of Russia.

We went to a *bal masqué* at the Renaissance Theatre, in a private box; we had to put on dominoes and masks. The heat and dust were so intolerable, however, that we very soon left. The Italian Opera was then held in the Odéon, quite a small theatre, with open boxes like a gallery, divided from each other by partitions. The old Ducs de Polignac and de Luxembourg, both in their seventies, were supposed to be on the lookout for English heiresses. The latter engaged

## London, Paris, Versailles

himself to the daughter of a distinguished English admiral, but his nephews did not rest until they had broken off the engagement. Mrs Elizabeth Fry held meetings to which every one flocked, to hear her exhortations against the frivolity of the age; principally addressed to the young, and with a loving fervour that touched many a soft heart. Some of her hearers would fain have retired to think, in quiet, over the advice so lovingly given; instead of being carried off to a fresh distraction.

At Lady Canterbury's, we heard the Princess Poniatowski sing. She had a magnificent soprano voice and liked singing with professionals. Mme Graham was a great personality in Paris as she was afterwards in London.

In May, 1839, our circle of friends began to disperse; I lost my handsome friend, Octavia Macdonald, who was due in Scotland to ride in the procession at Lord Eglinton's tournament. How I envied her! But, alas! that splendid pageant was quite spoiled by torrents of rain. Lady Seymour, Queen of the Tournament, was

## Sportsmen at Chantilly

then at the height of her beauty; but neither beauty, nor the Sheridan wit, deserted her in her old age. Driving up one day to Redmayne's in Bond Street, and unable to leave her carriage, she requested the shopman, who had come out to serve her, to send her the individual who had attended her on the previous day. "May I ask, your Grace, if it was the gentleman with the waxed moustache?" After a moment's pause, she answered: "No, I think it was the nobleman with the bald head."

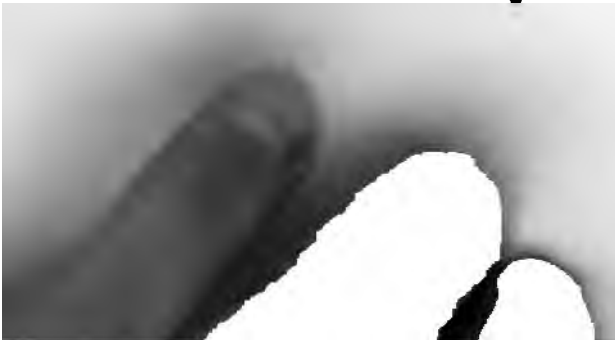
We spent May at Chantilly, taking down riding horses. The woods were carpeted with lilies of the valley, and the nightingales kept us awake at night. The races took place during that month, and several of the racing men used to dine with us. They left a good deal to be desired in tone, and brought their betting-books to the dinner table. Charles Lafitte was the exception. The Château and the gardens belonged to the Duc de Montpensier, and we had the *entrée*. We spent many hours there feeding the fat old carp in the ponds.



## London, Paris, Versailles

In the Avenue de Paris, Versailles, where the Aylmers had taken a villa for the summer, we had some pleasant neighbours. The Duchesse de Guiche, afterwards de Grammont, sister of Count d'Orsay, lived near us. She was a beautiful woman, although not *en première jeunesse*. She had a profusion of fair hair, which she wore simply twisted round her shapely head. We used to pay her visits in the evening, and always found her dressed in plain white muslin, without ornaments. She told us the following anecdote. Count d'Orsay, when there was a discussion at Gore House one day about hair, mentioned that he knew a lady whose hair measured two yards long. On his friends expressing incredulity, he made a bet with them on the subject. He wrote to his sister to send him two hairs from her head; and on opening the envelope, they were found to be beyond the expected length. Her son, the Duc de Guiche, was the handsomest man I ever saw.

The Duc and Duchesse de Melfort were also our neighbours. The Duc, afterwards Lord Perth,



## Parisian Society

married the widow *en première nocé* of General Rapp. She was an invalid, and I used to sit by her and read to her; whilst her beautiful boy, afterwards Lord Forth, played on her bed. We had, also, the Bavarian Minister near us, Count de Luxburg. His two charming daughters, about my age, were great friends of mine. They had a good garden attached to their villa, and each of them possessed a *récolte*, one of potatoes and one of peaches, this being the usual custom in Bavaria.

We were a great boon to those left at the Embassy in Paris; during the intense heat they were thankful to come out to our cool garden. We always had visitors when the Grandes Eaux played; but I confess the effect of the really beautiful scene was much spoilt for me, by the effluvia from the stagnant waters.\*

\* Some of the notes and anecdotes in this chapter have already appeared in the volume of "Letters of Walter Savage Landor" to me, edited by Mr Stephen Wheeler (Duckworth and Co. 1899). I allowed Mr Wheeler to copy the letters when he was staying with us at Penrice, in 1898; and he has given us, through them, a very interesting volume, valuable to lovers of Landor as showing an affectionate and genial side of his character, which is little known to the public.

## CHAPTER IV

### London and Bath, 1839-1848

**I**N December, 1839, my sister married Henry Caldwell, the only son of Sir John Caldwell. At her wedding she and her bridesmaids all wore bonnets; veils were not the fashion until later.

The following spring I was with them in London. We dined with Mr and Mrs Charles Dickens in Devonshire Terrace, and there met Dr Quin, Walter Savage Landor, Mr John Forster, Mr Kenyon, the poet, and Daniel Maclise, the artist. The house had a small enclosure at the back, with a grass plot, and a tree in the centre.

## Charles Dickens at Home

It was very hot that day, and we found Dickens lying on his back, on the turf under the tree, deep in the composition of "The Old Curiosity Shop." He told me he had received scores of letters from home and abroad, imploring him not to kill little Nell. In the evening we had charades *en action*. Charles Dickens was a born actor. With a turn down of his cuffs, or a turn up of his collar, or coat thrown back from his shoulder, he so metamorphized himself that he could personate at will any character.

Once we went down with him in the diving-bell at the Polytechnic. My sister, Lady Caldwell, myself, Mr Landor and Charles Dickens formed the party. We did not like it, and rang hastily to be pulled up again. The effect on the drum of the ear was so painful.

Charles Dickens was a very showy dresser, and wore his hair long. His portrait by Maclise is perfect. I have several letters from him, as well as one to my mother, which I give below:

## London and Bath

"DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE,

"REGENT'S PARK.

"Twelfth November, 1842.

"My dear Mrs Paynter,—Many thanks to you for your kind letter and for its enclosure from Lord A., which I beg to return to you. The monument of which I make mention in my 'Notes,' is that which is raised to Wolfe and Montcalm jointly; and I call it worthy of two great nations, because it was created by subscriptions of the French and English. I do not enter into Canadian topics, or desire to make any extended mention of them, for the reason I have given in my book; and therefore I have no use for any information, highly valuable although it could not fail to be, which your kindness would procure for me from your brother.

"I am afraid that the preparations for my new book will put a padlock on my locomotive powers, and keep me fast at home for some time. But, if I should get to Bath, rest assured that I have too pleasant a recollection of our old evenings there, and too earnest a desire to see you

## Quilp's Prototype

and Miss Paynter again, not to come very quickly up that inaccessible hill, and inflict a cheery double knock upon your door, to which the street shall ring again.

"Mrs Dickens begs me to say all that is loving and kind; and, venturing to add similar remembrances to Miss Paynter on my own account,

"I am, always faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Dickens loved to wander about the back streets of Bath, picking up the queer names which appear so often in his books. We introduced him to the original of Quilp; a frightful little dwarf named Prior, who let donkeys on hire, and whose temper was as ugly as his person. He always carried with him a thick stick, with which he belaboured impartially his donkeys and his wife.

During our visits to London about this time, we went occasionally to Vauxhall Gardens, in the evening after dinner, and walked about the dark alleys, and had coffee in an arbour. The

## London and Bath

gardens were dimly lighted with Chinese lanterns. It would be considered a dreary show in these days, but we thought it delightful.

In 1843 we were again at Bath. My mother had become accustomed to receiving her friends in the evening, instead of in the morning; and we thus had the pleasure of seeing many celebrities passing through Bath, whom we should otherwise have missed. Walter Savage Landor, having left Florence, established himself in St James's Square; and there was seldom an evening that he did not visit us for an hour's conversation or music. He often brought friends who had stopped at Bath on purpose to see him—Dickens, Thackeray, Forster, Kenyon, etc. They all worshipped Walter Savage Landor. I have seen the gifted brothers, Charles and Arthur Buller, sitting as it were at his feet, and looking up reverently to the old sage's lips, as he repeated in his sonorous voice some lines from his favourite Greek or Latin poets.

I corresponded with Mr Landor for a quarter

## Landor and Robert Browning

of a century; and a selection of his letters to me has been published by my friend Mr Stephen Wheeler. They show a pleasing side of his character, in contrast to the "deep-mouthed Bæotian," mentioned by Byron. Full of tenderness, wit, and fun, he inspired an extraordinary enthusiasm among his followers. He never read a review of his own works, and never received a farthing for them. He should have lived two centuries earlier. He spent the last few years of his life at Florence; where Robert Browning and his wife ministered to him, in his failing state, with all the love and sympathy of devoted friendship. The last letter Mr Landor ever wrote to me was on my birthday, January 19, 1863. It is printed in Mr Wheeler's book. I have often talked with Browning over those days; and in the letter that follows he referred to Landor:

"19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W.

"June 3, '81.

"Dear Lady Sawle,—I beg to thank you and Sir Charles exceedingly for your kind invitation,



## London and Bath

and to say how sorry I am that it finds me already engaged for the 23rd. I can only repeat my regrets, and desire you to believe me, dear Lady Sawle,

“Yours very sincerely,

“ROBERT BROWNING.

“It may interest you to know that a Biography of Landor, by my friend Professor Colvin,\* is now in the press, and, to judge by such of the proof sheets he has sent me, is excellent in every way.”

On June 6, 1844, I went with a party to Ascot races. In those days there was no royal enclosure, and no heart-burnings to get there; every one walked about and enjoyed themselves in their own way. I passed the royal box, and saw our Queen and the Emperor Nicholas of Russia touch glasses in drinking each other's health. He was a magnificent man in appearance.

On July 3 I attended the last ball at Almack's. The polka was for the first time danced publicly this season, and the mazurka, which was intro-

\* “Landor,” by Sidney Colvin (*English Men of Letters*). 1884.

## The Author of "Coningsby"

duced by Prince Esterházy, who married Lady Jersey's daughter.

On July 13 I went to Mr Disraeli's house in Park Lane to see the Review. I breakfasted there; and, afterwards, Mrs Disraeli took me upstairs to her husband's study, and allowed me to write my name with the pen with which he wrote "Coningsby."

In 1846 I married Mr Sawle, the eldest son of Sir Joseph Sawle, and we settled at Restormel, a lovely valley in Cornwall; the hill crowned by the old castle, which had been a ruin in the time of King Stephen. Mr Landor visited us at Restormel, and gave me these verses for my album:

Known as thou art to ancient fame,  
My praise, Restormel, shall be scant;  
The Muses gave thy sounding name;  
The Graces thy inhabitant.

In April, 1848, I was staying in London, at my uncle's, at the time of the Chartist movement, when a revolution was expected. As many as 150,000 men were sworn in as special

## London and Bath

constables, my two uncles among the number. They were both over seventy years of age; but they sallied forth, grasping their white staves, and leaving us in some anxiety. The first woman the Admiral met accosted him with the unsympathetic remark: "Much harm *you'll* do, you old fool!" The Admiral, alive to the absurdity of the position, returned home in fits of laughter.

Perhaps I may here relate something I know about historical events in France at this time and at an earlier date. The abdication of Louis Philippe, in 1848, was attended with some circumstances which may not be generally known. The family of Baudin were old and valued friends of ours. Admiral Baudin\* and my uncle, Captain Frederick Aylmer, R.N., had been opposed to each other during the Napoleonic wars. After the rout of Napoleon and his army at Waterloo, arrangements were made for him to go from Bordeaux to America. This plot was frustrated by my uncle stationing himself with the "Pactolus" and other ships at the mouth of the

\* Charles Baudin, French admiral (1784-1854).

## Bonaparte after Waterloo

Gironde. I have a letter from Admiral Baudin to my uncle, recapitulating the details of the failure of this plot. Had it been successful, Europe would have been again set in a blaze. The letter is as follows:

“HAVRE. N<sup>o</sup> 14, RUE BERNARDIN DE ST PIERRE.

“18 Juin, 1833.

“Mon cher Capitaine Aylmer,

. . . J'ai vu par la dernière lettre de votre sœur à Mme B., que parmi les sujets de conversation que nous avons eus ensemble un surtout vous avait particulièrement intéressé; et que vous désirez avoir quelques détails sur les circonstances relatives au projet de fuite de Napoléon aux États Unis, sur mon navire la 'Bayadère,' projet dont l'accomplissement n'a été arrêté, que par la subite entrée dans la Gironde du 'Pactolus' et des autres navires sous votre commandement.

“À l'époque dont il s'agit, j'ai dû détruire tous les documents, soit officiels, soit confidentiels, relatifs aux projets de Napoléon; toutefois

## London and Bath

les faits et les dates se sont si parfaitement gravés dans ma mémoire qu'aucune circonstance essentielle n'a pu m'être effacée. J'ai d'ailleurs trouvé plusieurs copies de correspondance particulière qui ont trait à cette affaire; et qui, sans être de nature à compromettre ma tranquillité sous le règne de Louis XVIII, ont cependant un véritable caractère d'authenticité.

Mais, mon cher ami, le loisir me manque aujourd'hui pour rédiger une narration détaillée, digne de satisfaire votre intérêt particulier et d'être mise sous les yeux du public; ce qui est sans doute, votre objet. Je vais m'en occuper et je vous la ferai passer incessamment. En attendant croyez bien qu'en me dévouant pour sauver Napoléon je n'avais d'autre vue *que d'épargner à la France l'humiliation de voir un homme, qui avait été son Souverain, tomber entre les mains de notre plus implacable ennemi.* J'avais été activement opposé à son gouvernement, mais je n'en considérais pas moins comme un devoir de défendre jusqu'au bout l'indépendance et l'honneur national.

“Répondez, mon ami, aux questions suivantes:

## A French Admiral's Letter

"1.—Avez-vous conservé des copies de votre correspondance avec moi, et l'original de ma longue lettre du 19 juillet, 1815?

"2.—Quels navires entrèrent les premiers dans la Gironde le 13 juillet? Ne fût-ce pas le 'Pactolus' et l' 'Hebrus'? Mes rapports disent à 5 p.m. Est-ce bien exactement l'heure?

"3.—Combien d'autres navires étaient alors en croisière à l'entrée de la Gironde? Quel était le Capitaine de l' 'Hebrus'?\* Était-il votre ancien dans l'ordre du service?

"4.—Lorsque le 11 juillet, au soir, la flotte des navires neutres sortit de la Gironde, pensez-vous qu'il y ait eu quelqu'un de ces navires qui ait échappé à la visite de vos croiseurs?

"Après votre réponse à ces questions, vous ne tarderez pas, mon cher ami, à recevoir le document que vous désirez.

"Croyez-moi pour toujours,

"Votre bien affectionné,

"CHARLES BAUDIN."

\* H.M.S. "Hebrus" was commanded by Captain Edmund Palmer, R.N.

## London and Bath

Admiral Baudin, some years later, served under the Orléans family, and he and his two sons were in great favour with Louis Philippe. At the time of the Revolution, in February, 1848, when Louis Philippe hesitated to abdicate, the Admiral and his son were closeted with him in the Tuileries. They knew that the safety of the royal family was in peril; the Tuileries were surrounded with an excited mob, shouting for abdication. Admiral Baudin, on his knees, implored the King to resign; his son, Charles guarded the door leading to a private staircase. When, after dangerous delay, Louis Philippe consented to sign the paper, Charles Baudin ran downstairs to his younger brother, Alphonse, who was on guard at the foot, exclaiming: *Le roi a abdiqué!*

Alphonse jumped on horseback and tore through the streets, crying: *Le roi a abdiqué!* His fair, curling hair gave him a resemblance to the Duc de Nemours, and he was twice shot at during his frantic ride through Paris.

## CHAPTER V

### At Home and Abroad, 1852-1874

**I**N 1852, my husband was elected Member of Parliament for Bodmin; the old borough which is now merged into a county division. Bodmin returned two members, and this was an exciting contest between five candidates. The result of the election necessitated our residence in London during the Parliamentary Session. We took a house in William Street, next door to Lady Morgan,\* with whom we became great friends. I used to take her out driving, which I enjoyed greatly. Her conversation was full of sparkle and wit, not always devoid of malice; and her egotism

\* Lady Morgan, *née* Sydney Owenson (1783-1859), married Sir William Morgan in 1812. She wrote "The Wild Irish Girl," etc.



## At Home and Abroad

was unbounded. An Irish harp had a prominent position in her little *salon*, which was often crowded with celebrities, from the Prime Minister downwards. She always had music at her *réunions*, and used to send out invitations to dinner, with *côtelette musicale* in the corner.

The Session of 1854 was an unusually long one; and my husband, as a young M.P., was put on the committees, which often lasted till 3 a.m. The heat was great, and cholera alarmingly prevalent in London.

As soon as the House broke up (August 12, 1854) we took flight to Switzerland; where we spent a delightful month on the Lake of Lucerne, and saw a great deal of our old friend, Mr Haldeman, and his lovely place on the Lake. From Grindelwald we ascended the Faulhorn, and rode over the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen. From Interlaken we visited Dr Guggenbühl's *crétin* establishment on the Abendberg. Up to a certain point we rode; then had to do the rest of the climb on foot, it being too precipitous for mule or donkey. We clambered up

## Holiday in Switzerland

the steep ascent to the summit, on which the house is built. How all the materials for building it were brought to the top is a mystery, as everything is carried up on men's backs.

We were met at the door by the doctor, who took us into a courtyard, against the walls of which benches were placed; and on these were twenty children, lying on their faces, quite naked and exposed to the ardent rays of the sun. Their heads only were covered. They reminded me forcibly of little white pigs prepared for the spit. Most of them, if not all, had goitres. Dr Guggenbühl's system was to have the spine exposed to the sun's rays for so many hours, and then rubbed with a concoction of herbs. He undertook to cure all diseases of the brain. My object in going there was to see a little English girl, who had been placed under his care in the hope of her being cured of some brain trouble. It did not, however, answer; and she was removed, after being with him several months.

We spent a week at Chamonix, where, on arriving at the hotel, we found the principal

## At Home and Abroad

rooms inhabited by Albert Smith. He was quite the king of the company, and sat at the head of the table d'hôte. His word was law, all the employés being at his feet, for he ensured them custom. His figure was not altogether suited to climbing; but he was very good natured, and often amused us, on a wet day, with sketches from his popular performances in London.

In 1855, during the Crimean War, the horrors of which hung over us like a cloud, the Militia throughout Great Britain was embodied. The Cornish Miners Artillery—of which Sir Colman Rashleigh was colonel, and my husband was major—were quartered at Pendennis Castle, Falmouth. Great enthusiasm reigned all over the kingdom; and not only men were filled with military ardour, but also the women. We hoped the Cornish regiment would have been sent abroad; and we all left our homes and took up our abode at Falmouth for two years. As soon as the Parliamentary Session was over, we settled at Stratton House, Greenbank.

## In Quarters at Falmouth

Most of the officers being married, and their young wives being pleased to entertain and to be entertained, we formed a very lively society at Falmouth. All the neighbourhood round vied in showing us kindness and hospitality. Among the most delightful residents were the family of the Fox's, who lived at Penjerrick. Mr Robert Fox and his daughters, Anna Maria and Caroline, were all equally gifted in different ways; and it seemed difficult to separate them in thought. They were very fond of music; and though the rules of their sect did not allow them to cultivate the art, they often came to us to hear me sing. Mr Joshua Fox, a brother of Mr Robert Fox, was delightfully eccentric: He had the gift of charming birds, who, at his call or at the motion of his hand, would fly from all parts of the garden, and perch on his head, his shoulder or his hand, as we walked together. In appearance he might have passed for Robinson Crusoe. His shirt was worn over his other garments, and his hair and beard were untrimmed.

## At Home and Abroad

On May 18, 1855, the Queen gave away the medals for the Crimean War. The weather was beautiful, and the sight a glorious one. The Horse Guards' Parade was filled to overflowing with the thousands who witnessed the wonderful spectacle. We had reserved seats on the stand to the right of the dais, where Her Majesty sat, and we watched the approach, one after the other, of the gallant fellows who passed before the Queen, to receive from her own hand the badge of their country's approval and gratitude. My mother had the proud satisfaction of seeing her son thus distinguished.

Sir Thomas Troubridge had lost both legs, and was carried in a chair past the Queen. As he arrived, she went down two or three steps that she might herself decorate him. It was a scene never to be forgotten; and the enthusiastic cheering of the multitude, as each hero passed, was overpowering and brought many tears and smiles to the faces of wives and mothers as they recognized their beloved ones.

## Through Alsace and Lorraine

In 1871, we were on our way from the Italian Lakes to Paris. Our party consisted of myself, my daughter, our maid, and Mr Abercromby, who was going the same way, and joined us *en route*.

The Franco-German war was over. The trains were blocked by the Prussian and French troops, homeward bound; the former hurrying *à Berlin*, for the great fêtes in store for the conquerors. The whole line was disorganized, and it was very difficult to obtain seats; time tables were disregarded. We stopped at Strasburg for a day, and spent hours walking about the streets, which had suffered much from the bombardment. We climbed to the roof of the beautiful cathedral, from which a splendid view is obtained. The balustrade had been shattered, but the interior and the windows were uninjured. The cannon-ading of the cathedral seemed to have taken an erratic course; for a very old and valued building, *das rothe Haus*, in the square, remained intact, while the buildings on either side were laid low.

## At Home and Abroad

From Strasburg we took the train to Metz. The stations were crowded with French and German soldiers; the former in blouses or ragged uniforms, most of them drunk, and kissing and embracing their conquerors. It was a pitiable scene. We went on to Saarbrück, where we took a carriage and drove to the drill-ground and the heights of Spicheren. We sat on the hills stormed by the Prussians on August 6, 1870; graves were thickly strewn all over the ground, now covered with crops—a most solemn spot.

From Metz we also drove to the battlefield of Gravelotte and St-Privat; going eighteen or twenty miles round the human shambles, where more than 30,000 men fell. For five hours we were driving through one vast cemetery!

We saw the heights where Prince Charles Frederick took his stand, and the Château d'Asnières where the King of Prussia stayed. Our driver, who had had the charge of the treasure wagons during the engagements, pointed out the various mounds to us, one containing the bones of 5,000 warriors.

## The Aftermath of War

Leaving Metz, we travelled with two French officers and their wives; one, a colonel of Cuirassiers who had escaped from Metz. He seemed sunk in lethargy; his wife, on the contrary, was full of passionate indignation against their fate. Whenever the train stopped, she stood with her back against the window to shut out the horrid sight of her country's degradation. They eyed us with little favour, and talked freely over the events of the war. The feeling was strong against the English, who, had they stood by them in their time of disaster, might have changed the situation. Our fellow-travellers were so unguarded in the expression of their opinion that I felt compelled to tell them we could not help hearing their confidences; but my remarks were contemptuously disregarded.

At Épernay, we stopped ten minutes for refreshment; we had only partaken of a hurried cup of coffee at 6 a.m. at Metz, and were parched with thirst, the heat being great. The platform was crowded with a hungry mob, seizing all they could lay hands on, and throwing down coins in payment.



## At Home and Abroad

Though the Prussian officers rudely elbowed us aside, we succeeded, by dint of main force, in getting a small piece of hard beef, some black bread, and a little fruit. Our companion, Mr A., filled his pockets with champagne bottles. No water could be had; and, during the hot night, our thirst was so frequently relieved by the finest champagne of Épernay, that our sobriety must have been due to its excellence. We offered some to our fellow-travellers, but they coldly rejected it.

Paris we reached at two in the morning. St-Lazare was in darkness, and only one *fiacre* was to be found in which we passed through the unlit streets, the gas having been extinguished, to the Hôtel Westminster, Rue de la Paix. Cabs were rare, as horses had formed the principal food of the besieged. This hotel had been recommended to us as less unhealthy than the others, where many bodies had been hastily buried in the street. Never shall I forget the state of Paris! The Column on the Place Vendôme prone and shattered in many places; the Hôtel de Ville, the Tuileries, part of the Louvre, and the Palais

## Vienna Exhibition

Royal in ruins; a heavy gloom over everything; every one in black, no carriages! We felt ourselves, in coloured dresses, to be out of sympathy with the general mourning; so we, also, put on black dresses.

We were at Vienna in May, 1873, at the opening of the great Exhibition. Our kind friend, Mr Ford, afterwards Sir Clare Ford, had made all arrangements for our comfort; the hotels being taxed to the utmost limit for accommodation. Being first Secretary of Legation to Sir Andrew Buchanan, our Minister, he had the power, which he kindly exercised in our behalf, of access to all the functions which were to take place in honour of the great event.

The Prince of Wales's presence guaranteed the success of the Exhibition. We had good rooms in the "Römischer Kaiser." Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn was our neighbour every day at one of the little tables in the restaurant. His attention was much occupied in arranging his menu for each meal. To every *plat* selected he appended

## At Home and Abroad

the price as given in the *carte du jour*, and then reckoned up the total to his satisfaction. On his journey to Vienna his dressing-case was mislaid. As he was to take a prominent part in the procession, his dismay may be conceived at having to appear without a single decoration. He could not feel, as Wellington did on a similar occasion, that he was *très distingué*.

The Prince of Wales, hearing of his dilemma, with his usual kindness sent him his own case of decorations, with the request that he would select any he liked to wear.

Amongst the various royal Courts I have attended—of England, France, Belgium, Italy and Egypt—none in my recollection can equal the brilliancy of Vienna. At the reception we all assembled in the magnificent *saal*; the ladies on one side; the men opposite, all in uniforms and decorated; a wide space being left between the two lines. The *porte à deux battants* was thrown open, and a gracious lady, a vision of beauty, advanced up the middle of the open space, holding the Emperor's hand, and bowing gracefully

## The Court of Austria

to either side. The Empress Elizabeth was dressed in white with a long train, her small head crowned by imperial diamonds, with long, brown curls resting on her ivory neck. She looked like a beautiful white swan. When they reached the dais, they received the diplomatic circle; and then separating, the Emperor walked down the right of the room, while the Empress came down our line, saying a few words to each lady, and giving us an opportunity of seeing her lovely face, which has haunted me ever since her cruel fate.

There were balls at the Palace and the British Embassy for the Crown Princess of Germany, and for the Prince of Wales, who took part in a most amusing cotillion. His Royal Highness was literally covered with the favours presented to him by the crowd of ladies who sought the honour of dancing with our future King.

The traveller, Captain, afterwards Sir Richard, Burton, and his handsome wife were at our hotel, and we often dined together. She was very bright and pleasant; but her husband was generally silent, except when on the subject of his

## At Home and Abroad

travels. The ugly cut down his face gave him a sinister expression. We often went together to hear Edward Strauss' delightful band in the Volksgarten.

From Vienna we went to Adelsberg, to see the wonderful caves, which were illuminated to prevent our falling into the pools that contain fish without eyes. We walked five miles through these caves.

My brother, Admiral James Aylmer Paynter, was one of the first gentlemen of position who accepted the office of Mayor of Bath. Residing in that city, he was very much interested in its prosperity; and he was popular amongst the tradespeople, to whom his hearty, genial manner was sympathetic. It was from their ranks the Mayor was generally chosen; and it was found that many abuses had crept in with respect to these elections, the Mayor naturally favouring his own relations and friends. The Admiral was elected Mayor of Bath in 1874, and again in the following year. He was very popular, and

## A Municipal Celebration

not his least popular act was his invitation to the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress to pay him a State visit at his house at Grosvenor. Mrs Aylmer Paynter, being in deep mourning, could not undertake the task of entertaining; and my brother turned to me for help on this occasion.

The Lord Mayor, Mr William James Richmond Cotton, brought the glass coach and other State coaches, with his two sheriffs and their wives and *suite*, down to Bath from Paddington. It was a glorious day in June, and great was the excitement as the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Admiral and myself, proceeded in the glass coach through the principal streets of the town, under the admiring gaze of 60,000 lookers on, few of whom had ever seen the Lord Mayor of London. The Lady Mayoress and I, with huge bouquets, bowed condescendingly to the right and left; and I had some difficulty in keeping my countenance and looking sufficiently impressed.

Splendid festivities followed. The Lord Mayor received the keys of the city, went in state to the

## At Home and Abroad

Abbey, tasted the hot waters at the Pump Room, and was royally entertained by the Admiral. The sheriffs' wives were radiantly attired, but not quite up to the level of the sheriffs.

The Corporation gave a dinner afterwards at the Guildhall; and the Lord-Lieutenant of Somersetshire, Lord Cork, presided. The Lord Mayor was always attended by his trumpeter, a magnificent-looking man, with long mutton-chop whiskers, who anticipated every toast by a blast on his trumpet. He stood just behind the Lord-Lieutenant; and as the latter rose to propose the toast, such a thrilling blast was unexpectedly poured into his ear that he fell forward on the table, to the great discomfiture of himself, the Lord Mayor and my brother.

## CHAPTER VI

### Up the Nile, 1875-1876

**W**E spent the winter of 1875-6 on the Nile, on board the dahabiyah, "Urania," which formerly belonged to Lady Duff-Gordon. On her death in 1869, she left the boat and all in it to her faithful dragoman, Omar, who on the strength of that and her reputation, assumed himself to be the head of his profession. Having had much experience on the river, he was a general authority. We had a crew of ten sailors, a cook and an Arab man-servant. The boat was prettily decorated with flags and pennants.

Five other dahabiyahs kept company with us on our way up the Nile. The "Osprey" was



## Up the Nile

owned by Mr and Lady Elizabeth Cartwright, with whom we visited all the temples. They added much to the pleasure of our voyage; Mr Cartwright shooting with our gentlemen, and Lady Elizabeth, who was an accomplished artist, sketching with me.

We started finally from Cairo with our five companion boats. All the sight-seeing is done coming down the stream. The great object, when going up, is to fight the north wind, and race against each other, in the true English sporting spirit. Our sportsmen found few crocodiles, the traffic on the river having driven the beasts above the cataracts. They shot some pelicans, however, and wild geese. Prince Clary,\* with his son and daughter-in-law, were often with us. The Prince owned almost the whole of Teplitz, in Bohemia. Countess Clary was a charming little lady, and a better shot than her husband. The Prince's sister, Princess Galitzin, was taken ill on board their boat, and died. No doctor was to be obtained on

\* Prince Edmond Maurice of Clary and Aldringen (1813-1894) married Elizabeth Alexandra, *née* Comtesse de Ficquelmont.

## From Cairo to Nubia

the river. They were some days on their way back to Cairo. They wished to send her body home to be buried in the family mausoleum at Teplitz; but encountered much difficulty, owing to the objection raised by captains of vessels to taking a corpse. Eventually, the coffin was put into a rough packing case, with *objets d'antiquité* painted in large letters on it, and was smuggled on board. The Prince accompanied it.

In Nubia the air is so salubrious that my neuralgia slipped from me like a cloak. There is not much to see. The castor oil plant, with its graceful acanthus-shaped leaf, grows in abundance; and, I must confess, every one and everything smells of castor oil. The ground is carpeted with lovely blossoms, rose, yellow and white, something of the shape and size of a petunia. We paid a visit to our servant Mohammed's wife. He had also another at Cairo. This one seemed quite a child; and, apparently, was much bullied by her mother-in-law.

The furthest point we reached was Abu Simbel, the most wonderful temple on the Nile. The

## Up the Nile

three colossal figures of Ramses—a fourth is almost entirely destroyed—seated, motionless and sightless, looking out over the thousands of miles, through countless ages, are most impressive. A man of ordinary height can just reach the ankle of one of these statues.

At Abu Simbel we dismantled our pretty boat of her lateen sail, and made all taut for drifting down stream. Coming down the first Cataract was rather awful. Travellers usually land, and watch the descent of the boat from a safe distance; but I should have been sorry to miss the excitement of the adventure. Our own crew gave up the management of the boat to a fresh crew, provided by the Sheikh of the Cataract. Our sailors lay flat on their faces on the deck, apparently in mortal terror, and praying vigorously with closed eyes. The passage of the Cataract is very narrow, so the water rushes high on either side of the boat; and you think it must make a dash inland on reaching the northern end, when a sudden turn brings you into smooth water.

## A Providential Escape

Then our crew rose from the deck, with shouts and songs, and executed a fantasia.

At the temple of Hathor at Denderah, I had a merciful escape from sudden death by falling from the roof into an open shaft. It was a steep slope of polished marble; and as I slipped down and down, only held by the wrist by my guide, I was very near Eternity. This shaft lighted the temple, which was upwards of a hundred feet high. When assistance came, I was dragged up, and carried to the donkey, seven miles from the boat, with my shoulder nearly dislocated.

I suffered intensely from the shock, and could not move for some days. Notice was given to the authorities of the need for guarding the shaft better.

A sad accident had occurred near Minieh ibn Khasim on Christmas Eve. Three young English ladies, sisters, with their brother, were sailing up the river in a dahabiyah. It was dark; and, in a gust of wind, the boat turned turtle. The three poor girls and all the sailors were drowned. Their

## Up the Nile

brother and the dragoman escaped. Divers were sent for from Cairo, who went down into the boat, but quickly reappeared, saying there were devils sitting on the divans grinning at them.

On our way down we passed the submerged boat, with the two masts sticking up four or five feet, above the water. A slight accident happened to our boat, and we drew up against the opposite bank for repairs. The superstitious sailors objected to being in sight of the wrecked craft, and made unusual haste to finish the work before night.

Our dragoman, Omar, used often to entertain and sometimes to sadden us, by relating his experiences of many trips up the river. On one occasion he took a family of four: the husband, wife and two children. The wife was taken ill, and died about half-way up the Nile. To the best of his ability, Omar embalmed her, and she was placed in the cabin at the head of the saloon; only divided by a slight partition from the main cabin, where all the meals were taken. The husband was loth to curtail his voyage to the first

## The Romance of Travel

Cataract, and consoled himself by landing every day to gather flowers, which he laid upon his wife's body. It was a month before they reached Cairo, where she was buried.

Omar told many stories of parties, strangers to each other, who joined in taking a boat for two or three months on the river, with a view to saving expense. All would go well at first, until differences of habit and temper revealed themselves. The position would at times become so unbearable, that the voyagers went down on their knees to Omar, to find some means of separating them and drafting them into other boats; a dispersal he was seldom able to effect.

One night we were boarded by an Englishman, asking us for a particular medicine for a friend who was very ill on his boat. We had with us a small medicine chest, which had never been opened, except at the entreaty of some of our crew, who imagined themselves ill, and were ministered to by our maid, who doctored them with admirable discretion. Our visitor, a remarkably pleasant person in manner and

## Up the Nile

appearance, told us that he was a clergyman, and had with difficulty managed to scrape together sufficient time and money to undertake this trip. At Cairo, he made acquaintance with an American, and they agreed to go shares in the hire of a boat. The American was taken very ill after about a week from Cairo, and they had no medical remedies on board. He was grateful for our help, and returned to his boat. We met him again, a few days later, and he told us his friend was dead. He knew nothing whatsoever about his travelling companion, and there were no papers to assist him; so he had to return to Cairo in order to see the American Consul, and to arrange with him for the interment. His whole leave would be spent in this melancholy way he explained to us. No one could help him; we could only be sorry for him.

During the three months we saw not a drop of rain. At Cairo we were received with a thunder shower. We found the city in a state of immense excitement, pending the arrival of the Prince of Wales on his way home from India.

## Festivities at Cairo

The Consul-General, General Stanton,\* made it a point that the few English, still at Cairo, should remain on to receive his Royal Highness. Great festivities were arranged by the Khedive Ismail on the occasion. "Aida" was put on the stage by an Italian Company, brought out on purpose. Their costumes—in real gold and silver—were all planned by Mariette Bey, at the cost, it was said, of £40,000.

We were requested to await the Prince's arrival at the station, and were shut up for half an hour with Tewfik, the father of the present Khedive. We could only converse in French, which he spoke with a strong accent. He asked several questions about our voyage up the Nile; and when I told him we had descended the Cataract in our boat, he exclaimed: "*O mattame! Je serais morte de peur.*"

The Khedive gave at the Abdin Palace a reception, a play, and a concert; all in one evening. We were there from eight o'clock till three. Cairo, in those days, was no garrison town; no women

\* The late General Sir Edward Stanton, K.C.M.G., C.B.



## Up the Nile

were to be seen but strangers, and the wives or daughters of the few foreign residents. Among the latter at the reception we recognized Mme de Persigny, formerly French ambassadress in London. It was difficult to identify her under her present shabby appearance, with the beautifully dressed lady who had reigned at Albert Gate. After the fall of Napoleon III, the Persignys' career ended. On the Duc de Persigny's death, his widow drifted to Egypt, and married a lawyer. When I saw her at the Abdin Palace, the only remnant she had retained of her former splendour was a profusion of fair hair. She and her second husband were very poor, and lived in comparative obscurity. Sir Charles pointed her out to Sir Dighton Probyn, who drew the Prince of Wales's attention to her. With his usual kindness and courtesy, the Prince went up to her, offered his arm, and escorted her through the room.

Mrs Stanton kindly procured us an audience of the third princess, wife of the Khedive. She received us in great state, magnificently attired

## Calling on the Khediva

in a white satin dress, with a long train, and gorgeous uncut jewels. She was a Georgian, and very handsome. When we were seated, the slaves brought in gilt trays with sherbet, coffee and sweets, presenting them on one knee. We were much disappointed to find that, instead of Oriental costume, they were dressed in the latest fashion from Worth. On their curly black polls were coiffures of lace and flowers, probably from Doucet. The gold coffee cups were jewelled, and the napkins were embroidered in gold. We were also offered jewelled *chibouks*, which some of the party accepted and smoked.

On the terrace at Shepherd's Hotel we witnessed the meeting of the two Viceroys, the Khedive Ismail and Lord Lytton, the latter on his way to India. The difference between the two was remarkable; the courtesy and refinement of Lord Lytton being a marked contrast to the coarse and sensual expression of the Khedive.

We met Lord and Lady Lytton at dinner at the Consul-General's; and I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with "Owen Meredith."

## Up the Nile

Lord and Lady Hatherton owned the boat "Nubia." Their son, Mr Littleton, and I made almost superhuman efforts to send home palm branches to our country churches in England for Easter. The branches were twelve feet long; and, between the exasperating slowness of the Arab workpeople in making the boxes, and the heat of the sun as we stood in the court behind Shepherd's Hotel urging them on, we narrowly escaped a *coup de soleil*. Needless to say, they arrived too late; and on my return home I found the palm branches on our lawn, with a fine crop of mosquitoes which pervaded our front windows and were with great difficulty got rid of.

Some of my "Jottings on the Nile" found their way into the columns of the "Western Morning News"; and before closing this chapter I may add a few passages from the published record of our voyage:

December 26, 1875.

We stopped at Girgah for Christmas. "No wind, men must bake, stop here to-day," so spoke

## Christmas at Girgah

our dragoman, Omar, as he stepped on deck at 8 a.m. on Christmas Day. We found our dahabiyah tastefully decorated with branches of palm, and the gum-arabic tree, and with strange fruits and flags. The elegant fringe of foliage would drive the decorative staff of a London ball-room wild; but requires no arrangement save its own natural grace. The baking occurs only twice during the voyage of three or four months; and the slices of hard, black bread are piled in a cairn on the deck. Bread, with peas and lentils all mixed together, forms the only food of the Arab boatmen; washed down by copious draughts of their beloved Nile, which is usually the colour and consistency of thin pea soup.

The men sit round a large bowl containing this mixture, and alternately dip in their spoons. The master of each boat has given his crew a sheep in honour of the day; and the animals are tethered within range of the men's longing eyes, until they shall be killed, cooked and eaten, all in the course of a few hours. Flocks of fine turkeys are driven down for sale, with poultry,

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## Up the Nile

eggs, sugar-canes, dates and oranges; and a brisk barter is carried on by our respective dragomans, who, in silk turbans and picturesque costumes, solemnly pinch the breasts of the fowls, and lift the sheep to ascertain their weight. Camels in every attitude, standing or kneeling, wait to be unpacked, growling and roaring out their complaints, with an occasional vicious attempt to bite the passers-by.

Groups of natives are squatting in the dust, in every stage of picturesque drapery and nudity. Children hold out their delicate little hands, and lisp in gentle accents: *Bakbsbish, ya Kbawaja*. Many of these little ones have dark fringes round the eyelids, formed of flies feeding on the moisture of the eyes. A cruel superstition prevents the Egyptian parent from relieving her offspring from this disgusting infliction. The absorption of the moisture of the eye produces ophthalmia; and about one fourth of the population are blind with one or both eyes. Formerly they were mutilated of the right eye or forefinger to save them from being forced into the

## A Florentine Missioner

army; but as they are now pressed, whether maimed or whole, mutilation is no longer resorted to.

After our own modest service in our little saloon we walked, in such a broiling sun that it was hard to recollect it was Christmas, to the Coptic church in the town, a dilapidated edifice where 400 Copts and Roman Catholics are ministered to by a Jesuit priest. He is young and apparently well-educated; and courteously invited us to an upper chamber, where thick coffee and pipes were served to our party. He is a Florentine, and was sent here by the Propaganda eight years ago, being a good Arabic scholar. He has not, since that time, once heard his native language, and his delight was great at finding his tongue unloosed. He gave a sad account of the miserably oppressed condition of this country; the poor ground down by a tyranny as great as that exercised towards the Israelites of old; the hard-earned fruit of the sweat of their brows wrung from them to minister to the luxuries and vices of their rulers. Their one

## Up the Nile

desire is that England should come and take possession of their country and deliver them from their task-masters. The late purchase by our government of the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal has raised their hopes in this direction.

We had made acquaintance with the owners of two other dahabiyas, and had agreed on a picnic dinner, on whichever boat possessed the largest upper deck. We found the scene of festivity enclosed with cordons, and gaily decorated with flags and coloured lanterns. A sort of rivalry exists among the dragomans, on these our English festivals of Christmas and the New Year; and some diplomacy was necessary to soothe the wounded pride of the two whose boat was not the favoured one. The combined efforts of the three cooks, however, produced a most excellent repast. The turkey, ham and plum-pudding were first-rate; and the *entrées* were worthy of a *cordon-bleu*. We mixed our own plum-pudding. Would that an English cook could behold the small stove on the open deck, on which these delicacies

## A River Fête

were prepared, with a small amount of charcoal. Our far distant friends were pledged in champagne, hock, sherry and claret, so luxuriously do we live on the Nile. Thick Arab coffee, without sugar or milk, followed; accompanied by the dignified *chibouk* and graceful *narghileh*.

In the evening we adjourned to the bank to witness the illuminations and fireworks, prepared by the four gentlemen of the dahabiyah "Gazelle" for the amusement of the Arabs. The "Gazelle" looked beautiful, with her shrouds and bulwarks outlined with lamps, and a big fire balloon hanging from the top of her long lateen yard. The natives sat on their heels, draped in long blue and brown cloaks and white turbans, solemnly smoking; their excitement never rising in expression beyond a muttered *masballah!* There was every shade of colour among the groups, from the polished ebon of the Sudani to the light brown of the Cairene. Our sailors' turbans consisted of thirty yards or more of soft white muslin, twisted round and round their



## Up the Nile

heads, with a picturesque grace which we tried in vain to imitate.

It was a wonderful sight, these motionless groups on the bank; backed by the mud hovels of the town, and clusters of the palm and *dum* palm. In front are our three decorated and lighted dahabiyahs, with waving flags and pennants, the Nile flowing swiftly past; and beyond, the dim outline of the opposite shores, its sand-hills melting into the desert plain. The graceful forms of two minarets rise sharply defined against the star-spangled sky, so thickly sown with light that the eye could scarcely rest on a spot of ether where star is not. A "Cook" steamer passes, with loud laughter and song; and we distinctly hear the well-known strains of the "Guards' March." We think the wild monotonous chant of our Arab crews, accompanied by the tambourine and darabukkeh, or Egyptian drum, very softly beaten, more harmonious; and are glad when the steamer, carrying with it our good wishes, disappears in the bend of the river.

## Excursion to Abydos

After a long and silent draught of this scene of mystic beauty, we retired to our respective boats; and, I doubt not, among us were grateful hearts, that we had been permitted to spend one Christmas so near the land where our dear Lord, whose birth we that day celebrated, had lived and suffered.

DECEMBER 29, 1875.

The Nile is running past our boat smoothly, for to-day there is no breath of air to ruffle the surface of the river, hurrying on its downward course; and one hardly realizes that the stream is travelling to the ocean at the rate of five miles an hour. The sun is already high, and warns us to take advantage of the cool morning hours. The order is given for fifteen donkeys; and at 10 a.m. four "Gazelles," three "Syrens," four "Distant Stars" and four "Uranias" start for Abydos, seven miles distant. Our cavalcade is led by three solemn dragomans in their handsome embroidered dresses, with the luncheon baskets poised in front, on their high-peaked,

## Up the Nile

red leather saddles. Some sumpter donkeys, an Arab boy to each, more boys with the sportsmen's guns, and a dusty group clamouring for *bakbshish*, form a considerable party.

We ride through cultivated grounds of cotton, tobacco and castor oil plants, and beans; these last being two feet high, and in full bloom on this December 29. The seed is thrown broadcast on the unprepared ground, and brings forth an hundredfold, watered by the *shadufs* which are thickly planted along the banks; a system of irrigation unchanged since the time of the Pharaohs. We amble along in high spirits; a motley group, with pugaris, sunshades, blue goggles, etc. The donkeys are very clever if left to themselves, but refuse utterly to be guided by bridles; making sudden rushes, so that you can enjoy varied companionship. In the middle of a sentence to your nearest neighbour, you find yourself in juxtaposition with some one else. These animals have knife-like backs, English side-saddles refuse to fit them; and ladies have occasionally to make a rapid dismount that the

## Egyptian Antiquities

saddles may go, without them, over the donkey's head.

We passed a long string of camels, conveying Mariette Bey's impedimenta to the scene of his excavations. The Khedive has placed him at the head of all the explorations of ancient Egypt; and the valuable and interesting Museum of Antiquities, at Cairo, has been collected by him. Ten years ago he commenced excavating the great temple of Sethos I at Abydos. This Sethos is supposed to be a grandfather of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Owing to the sand, from which it has so recently been disinterred, having protected his temple from the hands of Arab and European despoilers, the sculptured and painted walls are in better preservation than many of much later date. The best sculptures are of pure white marble, with the mark of the chisel on some of the unfinished figures.

Mariette Bey was in the act of photographing one of the walls, and he courteously ordered the famous tablet of Abydos to be uncovered for us. He discovered it in 1865. It is supposed to be

## Up the Nile

the original of the fragmentary one in the British Museum, found in an adjacent temple. It is much valued by ancient historians, not only for its perfect preservation, but because it proves the succession of seventy-six Egyptian kings from Menes (the first king) to Sethos I. Ramses II is represented as a young prince with the distinguishing lock of hair; and his father, behind him, points to the tablet on which the names of the kings are inscribed.

Mariette Bey gave us some interesting explanations, and we left him and his daughter enveloped in a cloud of dust, raised by the forced labour of some scores of men and boys; each of whom was carrying away, in baskets holding about a peck, the rubbish of ages. A taskmaster was set over them, who used his lash impartially on the naked and clothed skins of the labourers, recalling the ancient reproach: "Ye are idle, ye are idle," uttered by their ancestors to the oppressed Israelites.

\* \* \* \*

## A Race to Luxor

At Kenh are potteries, where the large water jars (*kulal*) are made, and ranged on the banks ready for the market boats. They are in great request. Every village has its group of girls and women, who step down the bank with the carriage of empresses; each with a huge jar poised steadily on her head, and sometimes a smaller one on the palm of her turned back hand.

The sun is powerful, the flies troublesome. From our upper deck—carpeted, divaned, and covered overhead—we watch the groups of buffaloes; sulky, ugly beasts, who lie panting in the river. We are indebted to them for our daily milk, and a humble imitation of Cornish cream, called *kishtar*. We are now five dahabiyahs, all racing for Luxor; and the excitement is great. The wind is a side one, and comes in baffling puffs, sorely trying the watchful eye of our *Kais*. In vain we urge him in halting Arabic, not to be beaten by the other boats, who spread their sails, and gracefully drift into the stream, leaving us to crawl laboriously along the bank. With his refined, sharply-cut Arab features, and

## Up the Nile

hawk's eye, he stands in his flowing robes and well-rolled turban, silent and motionless.

At length the right bend of the river is reached, the sailors spring on board, the tow-rope is hauled in, the boat's head is brought up to the wind, and in a quarter of an hour we have left behind us our four companion boats, and speed on to Luxor triumphantly, arriving two hours before them. The temples are in sight, hurrah for Luxor!

But temples and antiquities are as nothing to us compared with the post-office. Those voiceless tongues of the past have no echo in our hearts until the hunger for living messages, from some thousands of miles off, is appeased. As soon as our boat is moored, and gangway set, off we rush to the Consul's.

The climate of Thebes is delightful. Lady Duff-Gordon's house, where she lived for seven years, stands on the high bank above the mooring place. It is built on the pillars of an old temple; the flooring has given way, and the walls alone remain, with the remnants of an English paper

## Temple of Karnac

even now clinging to them. Her name still lives in the hearts of the people. At the mooring-place are seven dahabiyahs, with the flags of all nations. Next to us is that of a young Russian noble, the largest boat to be hired at Cairo. He is travelling for his health, accompanied by a physician, secretary, courier, dwarf, monkey, etc.

The temple of Karnac is half an hour's ride from Luxor. Who would rashly attempt to describe the hall, surrounded by one hundred and thirty-four colossal columns, from forty-two to sixty-two feet in height, without measuring plinth or capital? I observe that on each one of our joyous party a solemn silence fell, as they severally entered that marvellous hall.

Our Consul, Mustafa Aga, is a venerable old gentleman, about eighty years of age; but no Arab knows his age within a few years. He and his son dined with us, in their becoming native dress; and presented us with some doubtful antiquities, in return for which they solicited English writing paper and envelopes. They spoke



## Up the Nile

with much pleasure of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, especially of the latter having smoked a *chibouk* with them.

The following day, the men of our party dined with Mustafa Aga, an Arab dinner. In company with seven other guests, they sat round an engraved brass tray, on which were placed in succession twenty-five dishes. Each guest was provided with a spoon, to dip the soup out of the centre tureen; the other dishes were disposed of with their fingers. The host tore asunder the joints, including a turkey and quarter of mutton. It is considered ill-bred to refuse any one of the dishes offered; and the overtaxed revellers had exceeded the utmost limits of their consuming powers, when a large, round jam tart was set before them. In despair they broke off small portions of the border pastry; but the hospitality of their host was not to be eluded. Plunging his fingers into the jammy depths of the centre, he offered them, smiling, a concluding titbit. A fantasia or dance by the girls (*Ghawazi*) concluded the entertainment.

## A Prince on his Travels

The Russian paid us a visit on the following evening, and assured us that he had been prone on his divan the whole morning, overpowered by the results of that feast. Nor could physician, secretary, musician, dwarf or monkey restore his equanimity.

## CHAPTER VII

### Florence to Seville, 1876-1879

IN 1876, we were again at Florence. We had tea with the Princess Pandolfini at her lovely villa at Fiesole. She and her sister were the Misses T. B., formerly well-known in the musical world in London. They had charming voices, and often sang for their friends. A lady, who had a small country house in the neighbourhood of London, gave afternoon parties which were crowded far beyond the capacity of her reception rooms. The Duke of Cambridge used to be her guest; and his Royal Highness being fond of music, she was anxious to gratify him without incurring unnecessary expense. She sent an

## A Tour in Spain

invitation to the Misses T. B., who accepted it. A day or two before the party, the lady wrote to ask them to bring their music with them. They replied that they regretted being unable to oblige her, as they had found it necessary to decline singing in public, in consequence of the numerous requests made to them. The lady immediately wrote to say she was sorry she had to cancel her invitation. They framed and hung up the lady's letter.

In 1879 we made a tour in Spain. On our way we halted at Bordeaux, staying there some days. M. Joumard, our wine merchant, who used to send us over a cask of bordeaux every year, did the honours of the place to us. Bordeaux is a magnificent town, second only in wealth and importance to Paris. Vast quantities of fruit are exported every year; and it is well worth paying an early visit to the quays to see the peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, grapes, melons, etc., piled in heaps waiting for embarkation. We visited the cellars, where we had to taste the different wines;

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible. It appears to be a list of names and dates, possibly a roster or a list of events. The text is organized into several columns and rows, with some entries appearing to be dates followed by names or locations. Due to the poor quality of the scan, specific details cannot be accurately transcribed.]

**MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD**

**THE DEPT. OF JUSTICE**

## An Eccentric Artist

There were pictures and frames hung on the walls, composed of the same materials; and the way he contrived to produce the effect of perspective, in the avenues of the Exhibition of 1851, was marvellous. It was considered one of the sights of Bordeaux. The Pope, having heard of it, expressed a wish to see some specimens of this work. In an ecstasy of pride and gratitude, the artist set out for Rome, with some of his choicest masterpieces. The excitement, however, was too much for him, and he died on the journey.

We spent the Holy Week at Seville. The hotels and *casas de huéspedes* were full to overflowing; the weather was more than usually trying this year. Those in search of a warm climate must go still further south, if they have the strength of mind to tear themselves from this seductive place; attractive beyond all other towns of Spain, despite bad weather, bad accommodation and bad food. No matter that you arrive with a telegraphic assurance in your hand that the rooms you have bespoken a week before are ready for you; the highest bidder has got

## Florence to Seville

them, and all remonstrance is received with a shrug.

When, by virtue of keeping your patience, and opening your purse, you have succeeded in obtaining a resting-place for the sole of your foot, you prepare to spend the first few days between functions in the cathedral and processions in the streets. In this magnificent edifice, the grandeur and beauty of which have been so often described, we heard the *Miserere* sung on the Thursday night before Easter. The vast building was filled with countless thousands. The side aisles are marvellously grand, for the eye can scan their proportions; but the centre aisle is blocked by the enormous choir, so that you fail to get a general view from any part. Neither bench nor chair cumber the unique marble pavement, and we did well to provide ourselves with the small folding stool in general use, and carried by all the women on their arms. These women are, without exception, dressed in black, with the graceful mantilla, so becoming to young and old. They sit and kneel; whilst

## In a Spanish Cathedral

outside stand a dense mass of men in dim perspective.

There was scarcely any light; and the great pillars rose up and up till, lost in the darkness, they seem to be supporting the sky. The *Miserere* was written by a Spanish *maestro*, and was fairly well sung by the Opera Company. The music is dramatic in character; with some pretty airs, but not frivolous. The immense crowd was orderly and well behaved; and, in passing through the narrow door, there was neither pushing nor confusion.

On leaving the cathedral at midnight, we took possession of a balcony in the principal street (Calle de las Sierpes) to see the procession of the religious brotherhoods. The priests have nothing to do with these processions; they are organized by the Confraternities (some of which are very wealthy) of the various parishes of the town. Seen by moonlight, as they slowly and solemnly wind their way through the long, narrow streets, lined on either side with tall, irregular houses, a balcony to each window, and



## Florence to Seville

every balcony full of earnest and silent watchers, it is an impressive sight and one not easily forgotten.

First come long lines of penitents, garbed like the Misericordaire Brothers of Florence; their peaked cowls some three feet high, with holes for the eyes. These walked two and two, each carrying a long lighted taper. Then a band of musicians, playing a funeral march on muffled drums, to which all keep time. Next come the Roman legion, handsomely dressed in classic costume, their helmets adorned with immense ostrich plumes. Among them is the best blood of Spain. Next is seen, held shoulder high, the platform or stage with life-size figures, representing the Passion or Crucifixion. Each parish church in Seville has three or four of these groups, beautifully carved, generally of the sixteenth century, but disguised in costly dresses of velvet and gold. Our Lord, bearing an immense crucifix of tortoise-shell and gold, wears a crimson velvet robe, embroidered in gold, and a gold crown.

The prominent figure in each procession, is

## Procession of the Virgin

that of the "Mother of God," who is borne under a silver canopy, with scores of silver candlesticks lit before her. Her mantle is of velvet and gold, the front and bodice a blaze of jewels. Her necklace and ear-rings are of brilliants of the purest water; her golden crown is studded with rubies and emeralds; and in her hand she carries a lace handkerchief. Some of the dresses worn by these Virgins are worth from £15,000 to £20,000. The latest and richest of these was presented by the Duchess of Montpensier, on the marriage of her daughter, the ill-fated young Queen Mercedes,\* whose tomb we had seen at the Escorial. Dying childless her body was not admitted into the mausoleum, which contains only the remains of Kings of Spain, and Queen Consorts who have borne an heir to the throne. Queen Mercedes' bridal dress was a pale blue satin, the colour of her house, richly embroidered with pearls; we

\* Princess Marie de las Mercedes, third child of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, was married to King Alfonso XII of Spain, on January 23, 1878, and died on June 24 of the same year.

## Florence to Seville

saw it at Madrid, among the dresses which are regularly presented to the Virgin of the Basilica de nuestra Señora de Atocha, by the successive royal brides who are married there.

Seville is still the home of the charming mantilla, and has not yet followed the bad example of Madrid, in discarding it for the Parisian bonnet. Even strangers adopt the mantilla on their arrival, as being less remarkable, especially in the churches. Many a fair-haired English girl is the object of a passing compliment from the Andalusian *majo* or dandy; which is offered, and should be accepted, in all courtesy and good feeling.

Sated with church ceremonies and processions, it is a relief to wander in the gardens of the Alcázar, where the orange trees shower their fragrant blossoms on you. This old palace of the Moorish kings of Seville is another Alhambra. But I have nowhere seen the orange trees in greater beauty than in the gardens of an Englishman, of the name of Pickman. He was much esteemed in Seville, and was ennobled by Queen Isabella, for his public spirit in establishing china

## Street Scenes

works in a suppressed Carthusian monastery outside the town. He told me the china clay comes principally from Dieppe and Cornwall; and he particularly mentioned the firms of Messrs Martin and Luke of St Austell. The china stone is ground in England.

The *patio*, or court, in all the houses in Seville is floored with marble; a fountain in the centre being surrounded with palms and orange trees. The rooms on the first and second floors open on the arcade, supported by marble pillars encircling the central court. The street door is of heavy wood, studded with metal bosses. It stands open all day; and, as you pass along, you see all the families collected in the *patio*. The windows on the street are securely guarded by elaborate ironwork; and here, as night comes on, may be seen the Andalusian lover, "eating iron," as the phrase goes here, and exchanging whispers or soft nothings with his dark-eyed *señorita*, through the obstructing bars. The upper balconies are full of flowers; hanging, climbing, peeping out from the iron gratings, and showing their bright colours

## Florence to Seville

on the white walls; while, on the tiled roof, grows a harvest of self-sown wild flowers and long grass. It is delightful to stand in one of these ravine-like streets, looking up to the yard and a half of blue sky, sharply defined against the irregular roofs.

The weather hitherto had prevented the bull fights being held, the arena being open to the sky. We drove to see these magnificent animals in some fields outside the town. They stood knee-deep in verdure, quietly grazing, and watched by mounted herdsmen armed with long pikes. They were surrounded by tame and trained oxen, each distinguished by a large bell round its neck to guard them from straying. We found a crowd of carriages and riders, the young blood of the élite driving mule five-in-hands, tandems, etc., and discussing the breed and points of the bull, as sporting men in England do those of the thorough-breds in a racing stable. The wild bulls are driven through the streets to the arena in the night, as it would be too dangerous by day. The way the tame oxen coax them along is marvellous.

## Andalusian Beauties

They all go into the pen at the back of the arena, bulls and oxen together; then the herdsman calls one ox by its name. He sidles up to the door, as though thinking of nothing in particular. It is opened just wide enough for him to pass through, and then instantly closed on him. This is repeated until every ox is called out, and the bulls are left alone.

The fair is held in a large open space outside the town. Tents are pitched by different clubs and private individuals, and dancing is kept up with untiring energy for three successive days and nights. The beauties of Seville appear there, and there only, in the national costume, and national dances are also performed.

Brigadier Delgado, a general in the Spanish service, and his wife, who was a Brackenbury, were most kind to us, and showed us many things that ordinary travellers do not see. The Brigadier could not speak a word of English and we could not speak Spanish; but his wife was our interpreter. Though a fanatic on the subject of bull fights, the Brigadier had never been able to

## Florence to Seville

persuade his wife to see one. She had such a horror of it, and yet wished to see the wonderful pageant, of which she had heard so much. My curiosity was also aroused, and we arranged to go together, and to retire before the real business began.

Brigadier Delgado secured first-rate places for us. It was, indeed, a marvellous sight. The enormous circle seated 20,000 people; all in their best attire, the women with white mantillas, and gaudy fans in constant motion. The procession passed slowly round the arena, stopping before the box of the Alcalde, close to us. The Alcalde threw down the keys, tied with ribbons; and they were taken up by the young noble heading the procession, who proceeded to unlock the door of the pen in which the bulls were confined. The matadors stood about in their picturesque costumes, waiting for the crucial moment. Three of these matadors were lodged in our hotel, and daily exhibited themselves in the courtyard to the admiration of the beholders. One of them, who played the guitar to my maid, told her his

## At a Bull Fight

dress had cost £100. The bull walked in very quietly, looking round at the audience. Now was the time for our departure. We extricated ourselves with difficulty from our seats, keeping our backs well to the arena. Much sympathy was shown by those around us, who imagined that we had been suddenly taken ill; and they expressed regret that we should lose the enchanting spectacle. I was told the poor horses were only fit for a knacker's yard; they showed no fight, and fell an easy prey to the bull's horns.

Lord Archibald Campbell and Sir Henry Meysey Thompson paid us a visit in the evening, and expressed great disgust at the performance, vowing nothing would induce them to go to another. In the evening we went to the Bachelors' Club dance. I was disappointed in the beauty of the women, but they were very graceful. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were to be seen, walking about, in thorough enjoyment of their incognito. The Duchess had adopted the mantilla.

A shocking crime was perpetrated at Seville,



## Florence to Seville

during that Holy Week, in the Church of San Salvador. The image of the Virgin, belonging to the parish in which the church stands, was brought back after the procession and deposited there. Some robbers conceived and partly executed the atrocious plan of exploding a bomb in the church; taking advantage of the panic to rob the figure of the Virgin of its jewels, as well as stealing purses from the pockets of the worshippers. The ringleaders were laid hold of in the very act, but not before three women and a child had been killed by the explosion.

From charming Seville, we went to Cordova, and spent hours in the cathedral, with its eleven hundred pillars. The view over the Guadalquivir was surpassingly beautiful.

But next to Seville, Granada is to me the most delightful spot in Spain. To wander about the lovely and pathetic Alhambra is like a dream. We stayed some days at the hotel, within easy reach of it; and I spent many hours sketching and enjoying its wonderful beauties. Sir Hussey and Lady Vivian were there, and together we went to the

## Sketching in the Alhambra

town in search of cabinets, etc. The walk down the hill from the Alhambra is about a mile, with running water on both sides, shaded by woods which were planted by the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke is said have sent two shiploads of trees to be planted on this, his own property. Their growth has been stunted by the ardent sun of Spain, but they form a grateful shade for the foot-passenger.

From Malaga we took the train to Barcelona. On either side of the road were orange and pomegranate trees in full blossom.

From Barcelona we went up by train to Monistrol; and from there we were pulled up by ropes to Montserrat for five miles in a diligence. This was a most fatiguing process, as we started at six in the morning. We breakfasted and wandered about, enjoying the magnificent scenery. We slept in the cells of the monastery, from the windows of which was to be had the most splendid view. The next day it rained in torrents. We contrived to get to the church, though we failed to see its treasures.

## CHAPTER VII

### Later Years

WE reckoned amongst our most valued guests at Pentice the two Bishops of the west country,\* who both afterwards became Archbishops of Canterbury. Bishop Temple was indefatigable in visiting every parish in the diocese, sometimes arriving unexpectedly to the consternation of the curate's wife. On one occasion he came to Pentice with a carpet bag only, in which were crumpled his lawn sleeves.

\* Frederick Temple (1818-1902): Bishop of Exeter from 1869 to 1885; Bishop of London from 1885 to 1896; Archbishop of Canterbury from 1896 to 1902.

Edward White Benson (1829-1904): Bishop of Truro, from 1877 to 1882; Archbishop of Canterbury from 1882 to 1904.

## Visitors to Penrice

Our butler was much concerned at their tumbled condition, and had them ironed out. His lordship remarked they had been well packed.

The Bishop and Mrs Benson were delightful guests, so bright and genial. The Bishop wore his hair rather long, and had the perfect look of an old divine. He loved birds, and made friends with our parrot, who was nearly fifty years old. Concerning parrots, he told us an amusing anecdote. There was a parrot show at the Crystal Palace, and the prize was to be awarded to the handsomest and most intelligent bird. Some difficulty arose in selecting the prize winner; and, whilst the judges were hesitating, a tardy arrival was brought into the arena—a fine, grey parrot with a red tail. As he looked round the assembly he exclaimed, in a distinct voice: “What a devil of a lot of parrots!” The prize was awarded to him.

In October, 1883, Lord Houghton was our guest at Penrice, at the same time as Sir Samuel and Lady Baker. One evening as we drew round the fire, Sir Samuel related some of his hair-

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breadth escapes, which were listened to breathlessly by some of the young sportsmen of the party. At last, Lord Houghton, thinking it was time for him to *prendre la parole* suddenly said to me: "Shall I read you something?" I eagerly accepted his offer, and proposed to fetch one of his volumes from my bookshelves. "I prefer reading from my own, and always carry them with me," was his reply; and he went to his room to get them. A blank look of disappointment appeared on the faces of the sportsmen, at this sudden change from exciting adventure to *only* poetry.

Lord Houghton chose "The Cypresses of Scutari." As he proceeded, the attention of his audience was rapt; and, before the conclusion of the poem, the adventures of the great traveller were for the moment almost overshadowed by the cypress trees.

Lord and Lady Nelson with their daughter, Lady Edith, paid us a visit at Penrice; and, during their stay, we made an excursion to the Land's End, and to the Botallack mine. This

## Down a Cornish Mine

latter was rather a perilous undertaking. We were a party of eight, and had to array ourselves in miner's dress, with a lighted tallow candle stuck in our hats. We were packed closely into two trucks—our heads meeting in the centre, to avoid the sloping roof—and were lowered by ropes. As we descended, we heard the sea rolling over our heads. It was quite dark and very hot. We picked off pieces of ore from the sides, and I do not remember that anyone spoke; even Lord Nelson's buoyant spirits were damped. Lady Edith, who was not in our truck, fainted when she reached the bottom. We were all glad when we arrived at the surface. No one is now allowed to descend, save the miners; and the trucks have been discarded, since an accident occurred in consequence of overcrowding. One of the ropes broke, and several of the miners were killed.

On September 26, 1884, my son, with a detachment of Guards, embarked in the "Decan" at Portsmouth for the Sudan, to take part

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in the "Picnic Expedition" on the Nile, as it was sarcastically called in the newspapers. Sir Samuel Baker was staying with us at the time, and warned us emphatically of the probable nature of that "Picnic." How truly were his gloomy prognostications fulfilled, history has told us. The Camel Corps' march through the desert will for ever be a testimony to the pluck and endurance of our soldiers.

Who can describe the agony of suspense that prevailed in England during that march; or the dark cloud of silence that hung over us for ten days, when our little band of heroes, 500 in number, were surrounded by 20,000 of the enemy before Matemmeh, waiting for the fatal news from Khartoum? The reaction, when we all met our dear ones at Waterloo Station on July 16, 1885, was almost painful. I have poor Cameron's photographs of the desert march, which were found in his pocket after he was shot, in the zareba, at Abu-Klea (January 19, 1885).

We had a Camel Corps dinner of eighteen, on July 23, comprised of all the officers that we could

## A Trip to Algeria

collect. Count Gleichen brought his sketch book, containing sketches which he had made on the march; happily they were mostly comic.

I had letters during the whole of the campaign, and telegrams from the battlefield of Abu-Klea.

In 1886, being troubled with neuralgia, I went for a cure to Algiers, to the baths of Hamman R'Irha, on a spur of the Atlas Mountains. The remains of the old Roman baths were still to be seen there; and the French had built baths on the site, where they send French soldiers. A huge hotel has been erected, and in the basement of the hotel are the baths used by visitors.

A more dreary place cannot be conceived. After descending two steep flights of stone steps, you reach a sort of large pond, divided in the middle. The temperature of the bath you first step into is 90°; from which you pass, after twenty minutes, into the other, heated to 106°. In this you could only stay five minutes. At first it makes you dance. You are then wrapped up



## Later Years

in blankets, and laid on a rough bed for half an hour. Fortunately I had my maid with me, as no attendant appeared during the whole of my cure of eighteen baths.

The view from the hotel is splendid, and the air bracing. In 1886, the hotel was in a very elementary state, and the food more than indifferent. No conveyance, not even a donkey, to be had; but a chair on wheels was manufactured for me and tied up with rope; and in this I was pulled by a gigantic Arab into the pine woods near. The only living things to be seen were small tortoises, which my Arab insisted on turning on their backs, *malgré* my expostulations. Visitors used, occasionally, to come up from Algiers, and relieved the monotony of existence.

In the early part of the year 1894 the Gambia Expedition in West Africa caused much anxiety. My son Charles at that time was in command of H.M.S. "Raleigh," and took an active part in the bombardment of Goujon. He landed in command of the Naval Brigade, but providentially escaped all harm.

## CHAPTER IX

### Golden Wedding, 1896

**O**N February 18, 1896, we celebrated our Golden Wedding at Penrice, amidst the warm and hearty congratulations of a wide circle of friends, neighbours and tenantry. Sir Charles had been chairman of the Board of Guardians for upwards of forty years. To quote from a contemporary paper:

“It was with the administration of the County business that Sir Charles had been most actively associated. His quick and clear grasp of facts and figures, wide range of legal knowledge, painstaking industry, strict impartiality and unvarying courtesy made him an ideal chairman,

## Golden Wedding

both in the conduct of public business and the administration of justice. On the formation of the County Council, when the quarter-sessions were deprived of their purely civil functions, Sir Charles continued to discharge the judicial duties attaching to the chairmanship, and was elected chairman of the standing joint-committee."

We were the recipients, on this occasion, of numerous congratulations and presents. A large gathering of friends from all parts of the County assembled at Penrice in honour of the event. Upwards of 100 guests sat down to luncheon; after which the Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall, the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, presented us with a fine pair of gold cups in Queen Anne style, accompanying the presentation with the following address:

"Sir Charles and Lady Graves Sawle, I think I shall be acting in accordance with the wishes of my brother magistrates in telling you now, on their behalf as well as my own, that we have combined to offer you a Golden Wedding pre-

## A Gift from the County

sent, which we hope may be acceptable to you. Many of us have been associated with you, Sir Charles, in County business and in other matters, and have enjoyed and appreciated your friendship for many years. I know you are personally averse to anything like testimonials, and I hope you will not regard our offering in the light of a testimonial, although you are deserving of a public testimonial as much as any man. But you will accept it simply as a token that we most heartily rejoice with you and Lady Graves Sawle in your celebration of a happy anniversary, which is given to few to enjoy."

With the speech I myself made, these reminiscences may be brought to a close. I said:

"My kind friends, Sir Charles having declined to return thanks for me, and suggested my doing so for him, I will begin by assuring you that this is not the first occasion upon which he has shifted his responsibilities to my shoulders. I confess, I have freely returned the compliment

## Golden Wedding

with interest; and I think it is a good deal owing to this shifting, or sharing our responsibilities, that we stand here to-day a very happy old couple. We did not apply for the Flitch of Bacon; but, during our honeymoon, I sat in the chair on the Tower of St Michael's Mount, and you all know what *that* means.

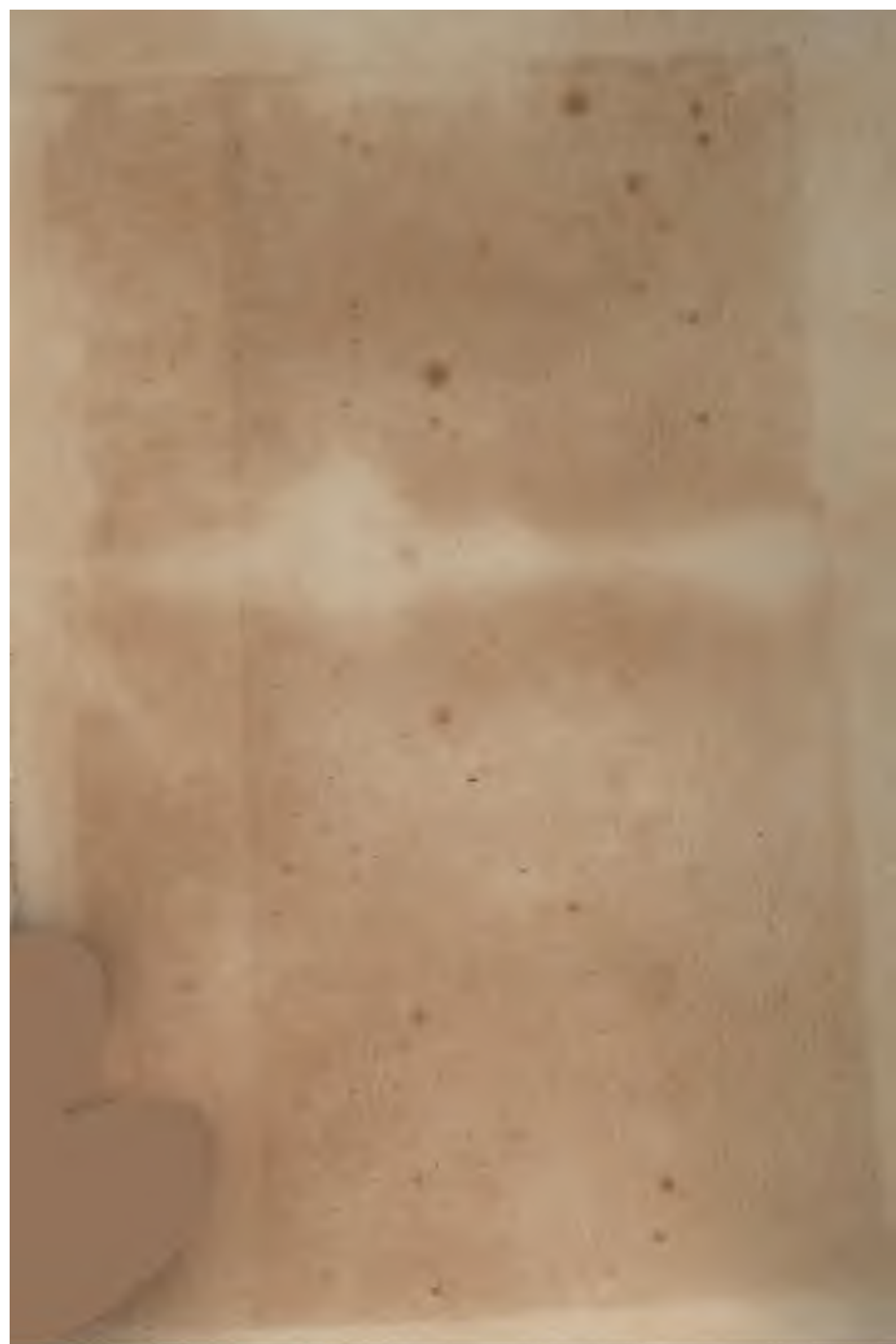
"I suppose we have the advantage of years—if advantage it be—over almost all those present at this table. For myself, looking back through the long perspective of years, peopled with so many shadows of the past, I know that I *ought* to feel more venerable than I do. For though I cannot boast, as Lady de Ros did, at the age of ninety-six, that she had danced at Brussels the night before the battle of Waterloo, yet I can boast of having danced at Brussels with Prince Albert, before he married our Queen. Among those shadows of the past, I can boast of having breakfasted with Rogers, acted charades with Charles Dickens and dined with Thackeray. For five-and-twenty years, until his death, I corresponded with Walter Savage Landor.

## Memories of the Past

"I was present at the Queen's Coronation, and I was often at the Tuileries,—alas! now another shadow of the past—when Louis Philippe, *le bon roi bourgeois*, reigned there, surrounded by his charming family. In Paris, too, I had the honour of knowing Mrs Elizabeth Fry, when she was there visiting the French prisons.

"At Rome, I saw Thorwaldsen's studio; and I was taken, as a girl of fifteen, to the Vatican, to see Mezzofanti.

"But you will say I am a garrulous old lady! I will only recall one more memory, the happiest of all, when I first came into Cornwall, as a bride, with my dear husband. The kindness I then received, for his sake, I can never forget. He has been able to show his love for the County by the devotion of his life to her service; and those services have been most nobly acknowledged to-day. Our children have inherited his affection for Cornwall. For myself, I have received all and given but little; for in my young days women's activities were not! The kindness shown me in



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